BBC
DOCTOR WHO
THE
TWELFTH DOCTOR
ANNUAL 2025

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The Once and Future DOCTOR

For most people these days the lastest in bedroom furnishings is a fitted continental unit, but Peter Capaldi, 17, would like to go one better. What he fancies is a TARDIS. Odd? Not really. Peter's probably the biggest fan in Scotland of 'Doctor Who', and the idea of popping into the TARDIS 'Doctor Who-style' intrigues him...

What does he find so fascinating about Doctor Who?

'I think it's because the show's so different from anything else on TV', he says. 'I mean sometimes it's crummy, but on the whole - for me at any rate - it's so much better than Star Trek or Space 1999.'

'And of course, I suppose you could say I've added interest as I'm friendly with the actors.'

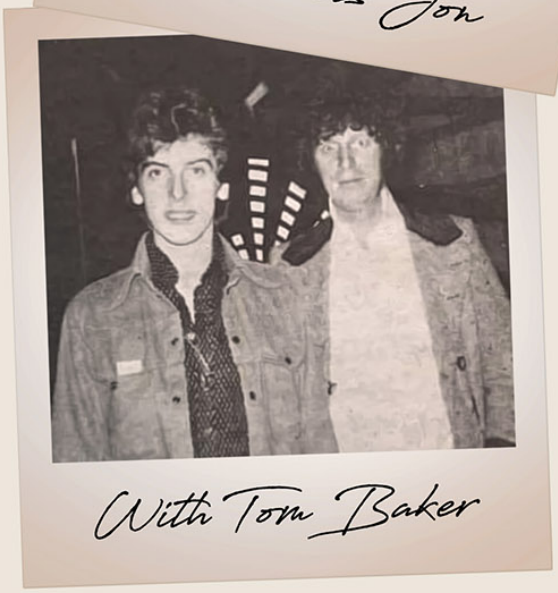
Peter joined the Jon Pertwee Fan Club and was later invited to meet Jon at the filming of 'Planet of the Spiders'...

'We got on really well. And I also met Elizabeth Sladen, who plays Sarah-Jane Smith in the show.'

'She stayed on after Jon left and she asked me down again after Tom Baker took over the part - that's how I was introduced to Tom.'

Elizabeth & Peter

Peter meets Jon



With Tom Baker

'Elizabeth, Tom and Ian Marter, who plays the part of Harry Sullivan, are all marvellous. They make you feel really important, take you out to lunch and take time to answer your questions.,'

'You know that at the studios you're interrupting and they don't really have much time, but they're still ready to talk to you.'

'The stars are all marvellous, they make you feel so important.'

Peter kept in touch with Jon after he left the series, and once sent him a caricature he'd drawn...

'Jon was very pleased with it. He wrote back asking if I could do another of him so he could have it printed on his personal Christmas cards.'

Peter was also friendly with Barry Letts, the Producer of Doctor Who during Jon Pertwee's tenure. He once sent him some set designs and studio floor plans...

'They're fascinating,' Peter says, 'because studying them you can see the amount of work necessary to fill one 25-minute episode.'

And Letts also gave Peter a copy of the script for 'Planet of the Spiders'

'Actually I have five scripts, but this is the most interesting because being the producer's copy it has been marked with special notes on the production. It's worth quite a lot in Doctor Who circles.'

Future foes...

Peter has ambitions for an acting career himself, and knowing the Doctor Who stars should be an asset...

'Not just because I'm friendly with them, but because I can learn so much from talking to them,'

In the meanwhile, Peter is working in the wardrobe department at the Theatre Royal...

'The hours are pretty uneven and that makes things difficult - because I have to miss Doctor Who a lot'.

Twice Upon A Time

What does Peter make of the many monsters that his hero, Doctor Who, has faced?

'I think the Daleks are too boring. They've lived their life out. They should have been exterminated years ago!'

So which monsters are his favourites?

'I don't think I could pin it down to just one monster. But I believe the most effective are slightly human. We can relate to them more easily.'

Adapted from an interview by Alistair Blyth for the Bishopbriggs Times, in an article entitled: 'All Peter wants is a Tardis in his bedroom!'

Peter would later become incredibly successful both in front and behind the camera, an Oscar winner, and, of course, the iconic Twelfth Doctor Who.

VIDEO NASTIES

GUESS THE EPISODE TITLE FROM THE SCREENCAPS

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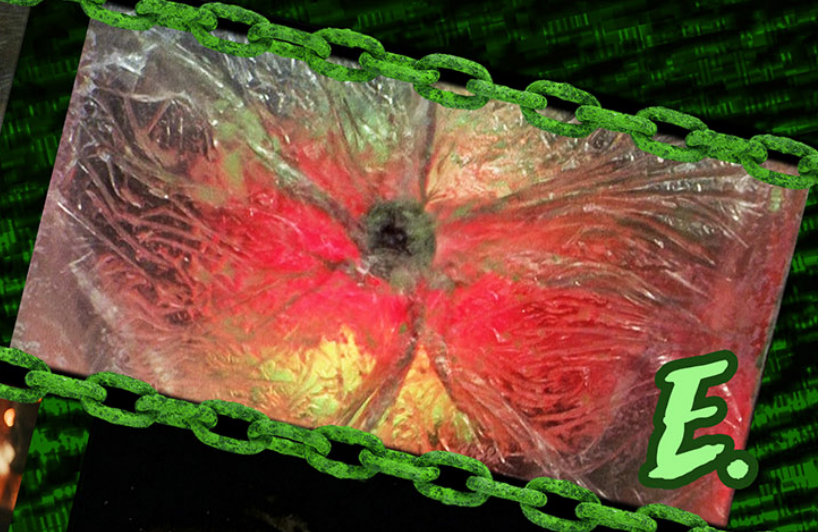

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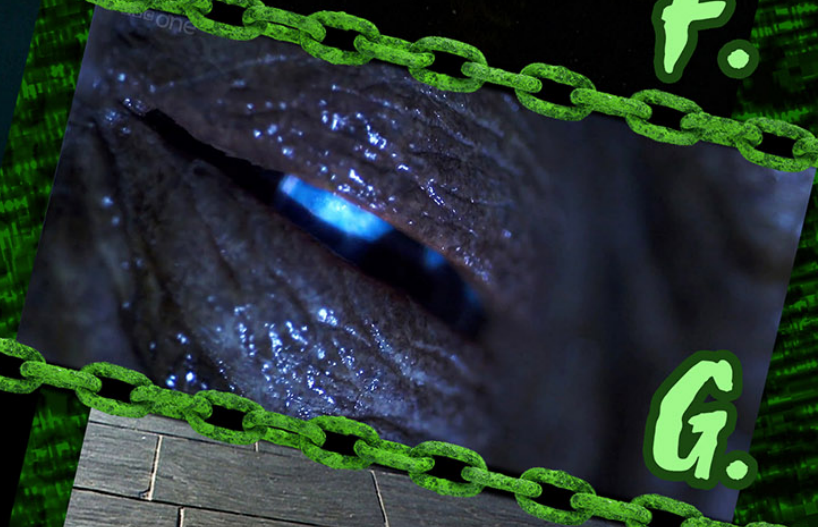

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SCREENCAPS COURTESY OF TRAGICAL HISTORY TOUR

BBC
DOCTOR WHO
DISCOVERS
GHOSTS

DOCTOR WHO DISCOVERS GHOSTS

What is a ghost?

Across many cultures, a ghost is the ethereal manifestation of a deceased person or non-human animal. These spectral entities are believed to linger between the realms of the living and the afterlife.

Descriptions of ghosts span a wide spectrum:

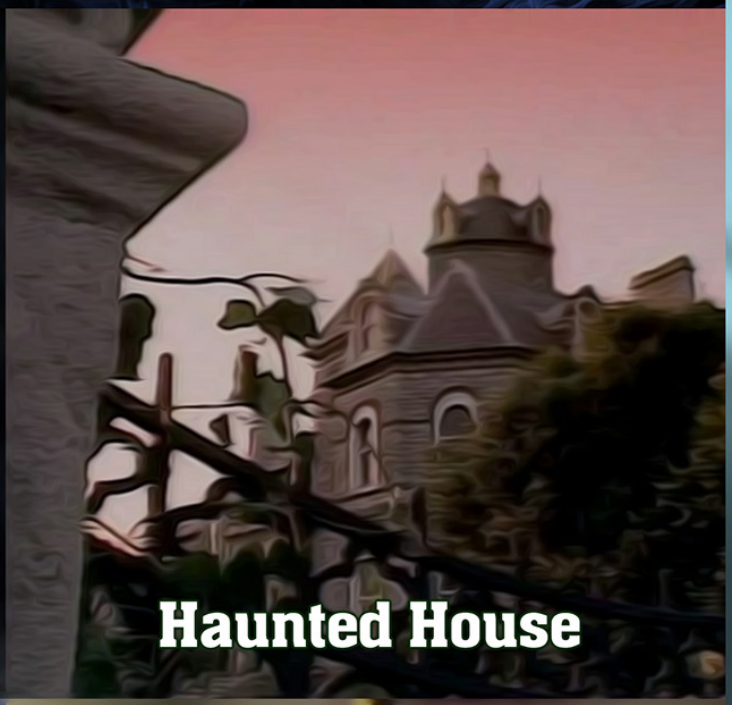
Invisible Presence: Some ghosts remain unseen, their presence felt through eerie sensations, inexplicable chills, or unexplained sounds.

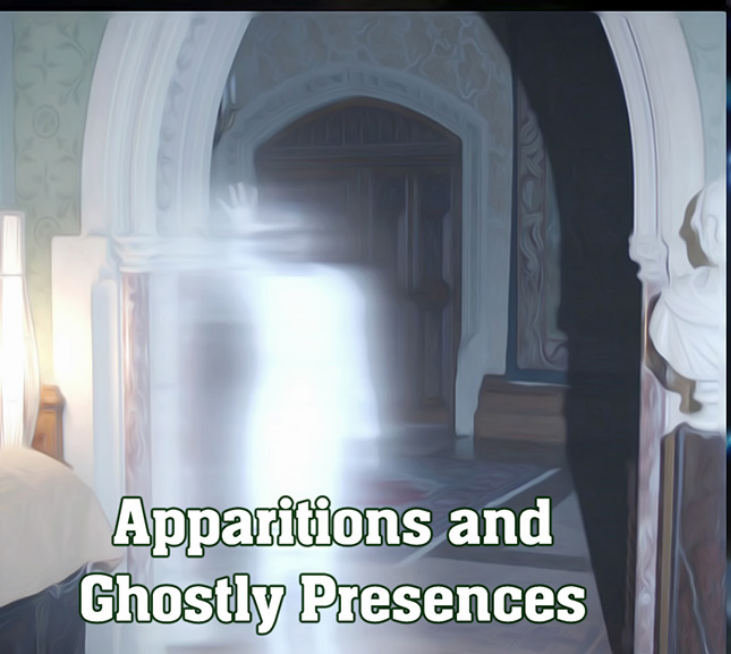
Translucent Forms: Others appear as faint, translucent figures, barely visible to the naked eye. These wispy shapes evoke both curiosity and fear.

Realistic and Lifelike: Occasionally, ghosts manifest in detailed, lifelike forms, resembling their appearance in life. These apparitions may convey messages or emotions to the living.

Haunting Associations: Ghosts are often tied to specific locations, objects, or people. They may revisit places they frequented during their earthly existence or seek closure with loved ones.

Types of Paranormal Manifestations





DOCTOR WHO DISCOVERS GHOSTS

Ghosts Vs. Thermodynamics

The laws of thermodynamics provide some insight into the scientific possibility of the existence of ghosts.

The ***First Law of Thermodynamics*** states that energy cannot be created or destroyed, it can only change forms, and for an isolated system the total energy remans consistent. The traditional concept of a massless glowing ghost would require an energy source that would generate the light emitted so that they can be seen, in much the same way that a torch generating light uses up battery power.

Ghosts would also need to use up energy to move around, interact with their environment and move objects kinetically.

The ***Second Law of Thermodynamics*** states that the entropy (energy that cannot do work) of an isolated system is always increasing, with some of the energy being lost to heat. Entropy must never decrease. Ghosts, if interacting with the world, would lose energy over time due to this law.

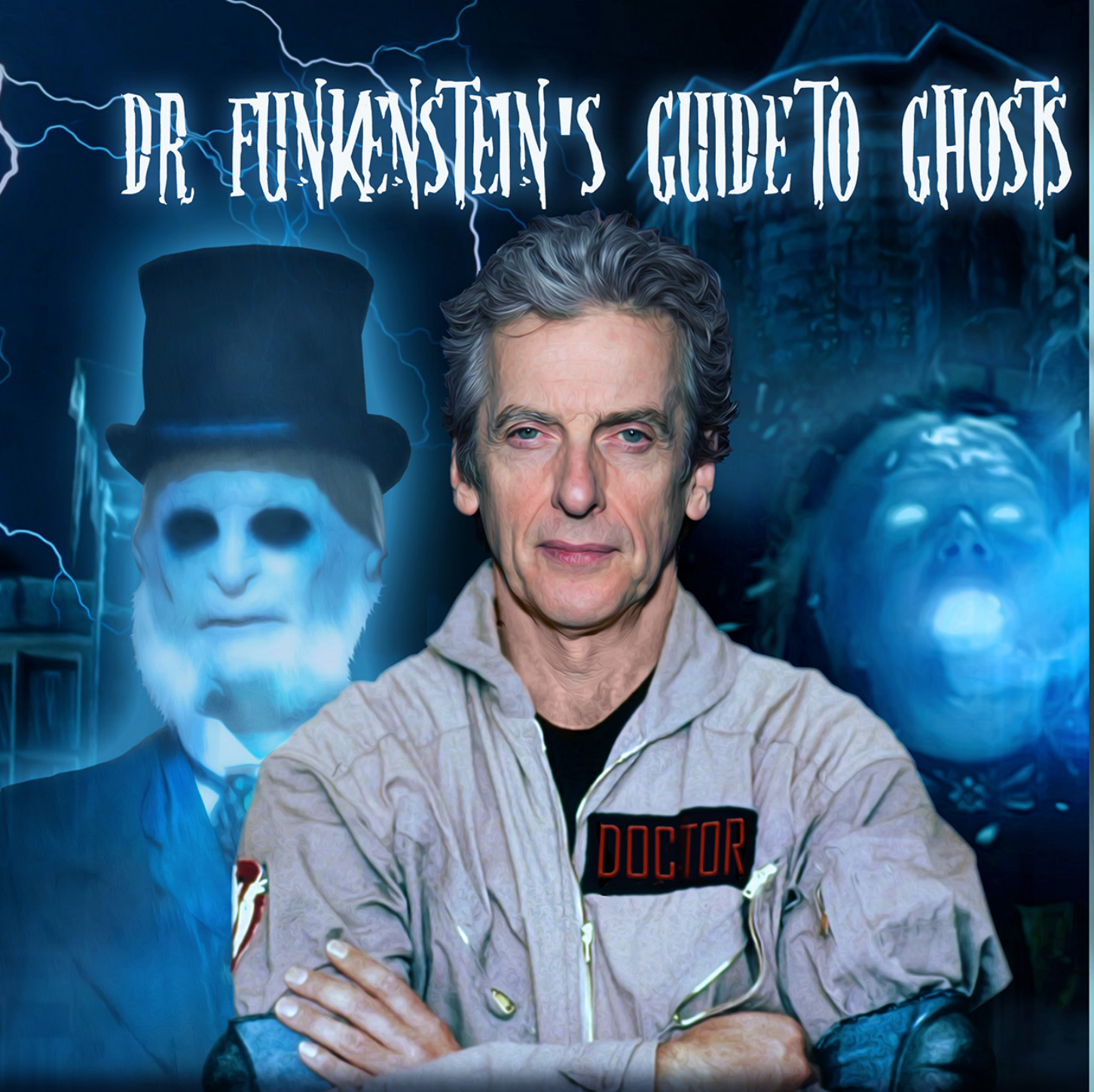
Whereas living creatures consume matter to utilise its energy, ghosts appear unable to do the same.

Ghosts would be unable to absorb heat without having mass, so they would be unable to create cold spots.

So, from a scientific viewpoint, the laws of thermodynamics cast doubt on the existence of ghosts. The inevitability of entropy opposes the idea of energy-sustained ghosts.

Perhaps the mysteries of the Universe still hold surprises, but for now, the scientific consensus remains sceptical.

DR FUNKENSTEIN'S GUIDE TO GHOSTS



What's that in the mirror, or the corner of your eye? What's that footstep following, but never passing by?

- The Doctor, *Listen*

Do you believe in ghosts? Have you ever wondered if the dead are waiting in the dark, or unsettled spirits are lurking in your house, waiting for a moment to torment you?

What is it that causes the hairs on the back of your neck to stand up, or goosebumps rise on your skin, or the feeling of cold breath on the back of your neck? Is it the supernatural, or is it something entirely rational?

During the course of my travels I have encountered apparently haunted houses, possible apparitions and ghost-like entities. Could they be real ghosts? Here are some I've encountered...

DOCTOR WHO DISCOVERS GHOSTS

THE GELTH

Mrs Pearce walks...

Communicating with the Gelth

Incident: The Dead Walk in Cardiff

Date of Investigation: 1869

Report of Sighting: In Cardiff, the recently deceased are roaming the streets, including Mrs Peace, who died some days earlier and whose body was resting at *Sneed and Company*, a local undertaker.

Witness Statements:
Gabriel Sneed: *'The stiffs are getting lively again. Mister Redpath's grandmother, she's up and on her feet and out there somewhere on the streets. We've got to find her. Now, come on, hurry up. She was eighty six. She can't have got far.'*

Evidence: My companion, Rose, was trapped inside the funeral parlour and surrounded by corpses. The corpses were being controled by gaseous aliens who had travelled to Cardiff through a rift in space and time. The Gelth didn't plan to just inhabit the bodies of the dead... so numerous were they that they also wanted to possess the bodies of the living, until Gwyneth, who worked for Sneed and was partially psychic, sacrificed herself and destroyed the Gelth in an explosion.

Conclusion: Ghosts don't exist. Aliens can often look like ghosts, and act like ghosts, but they a just a vastly different form of life.

Incident: The Palace Theatre Phantom, London

Date of Investigation: 1889

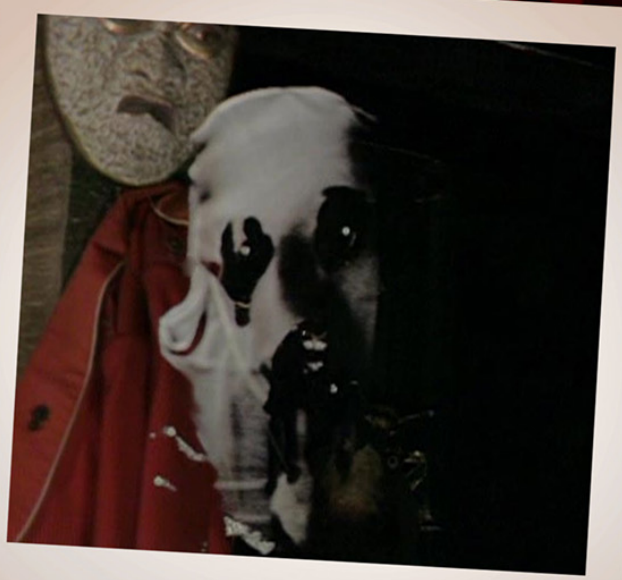
Report of Sighting: In the cellar of the Palace Theatre, Casey, the doorman of the theatre's owner, Henry Gordon Jago, saw a strange apparition. The figure was a tall, white spectre, with a skull-like visage and wrapped in clanking chains.

Witness Statements:
Casey, The Palace Theatre's doorman: *'Horrible, horrible it was, Mister Jago. A great skull coming at me out of the dark. Chains clanking, nine foot tall... I ain't never going down that cellar again. There I was, fixing the trap, when this apparition rose out of the ground in front of me. Hideous, it was. Hideous.'*

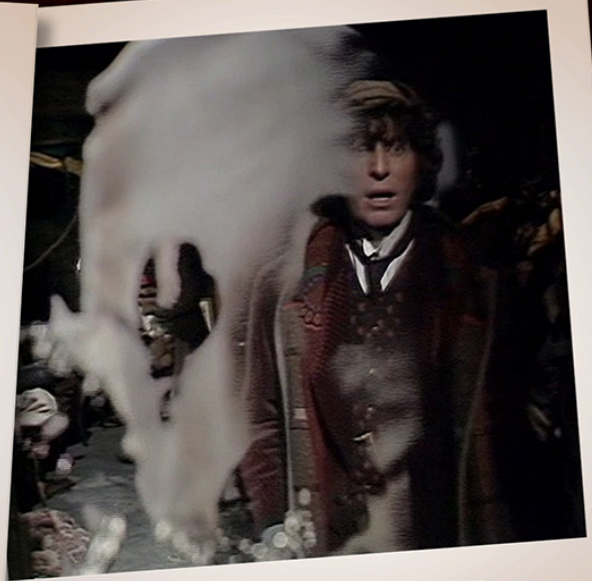
Evidence: The Palace Theatre was running a magic act at the time, Li H'Sen Chang - the Master of Magic and Mesmerism. Henry Gordon Jago was initially dismissive of the sighting, but sometime later, when I went down the the cellar with Jago, the apparition appeared.

Jago panicked at the sight, and fainted...

Conclusion: Ghosts don't exist. The apparition was an advanced hologram, triggered if anyone entered the cellar to keep a secret trapdoor undetected.



Palace Theatre Phantom



Cellar Phantom

PALACE THEATRE PHANTOM

DOCTOR WHO DISCOVERS GHOSTS

DOCTOR WHO DISCOVERS GHOSTS

Incident: The Drum.

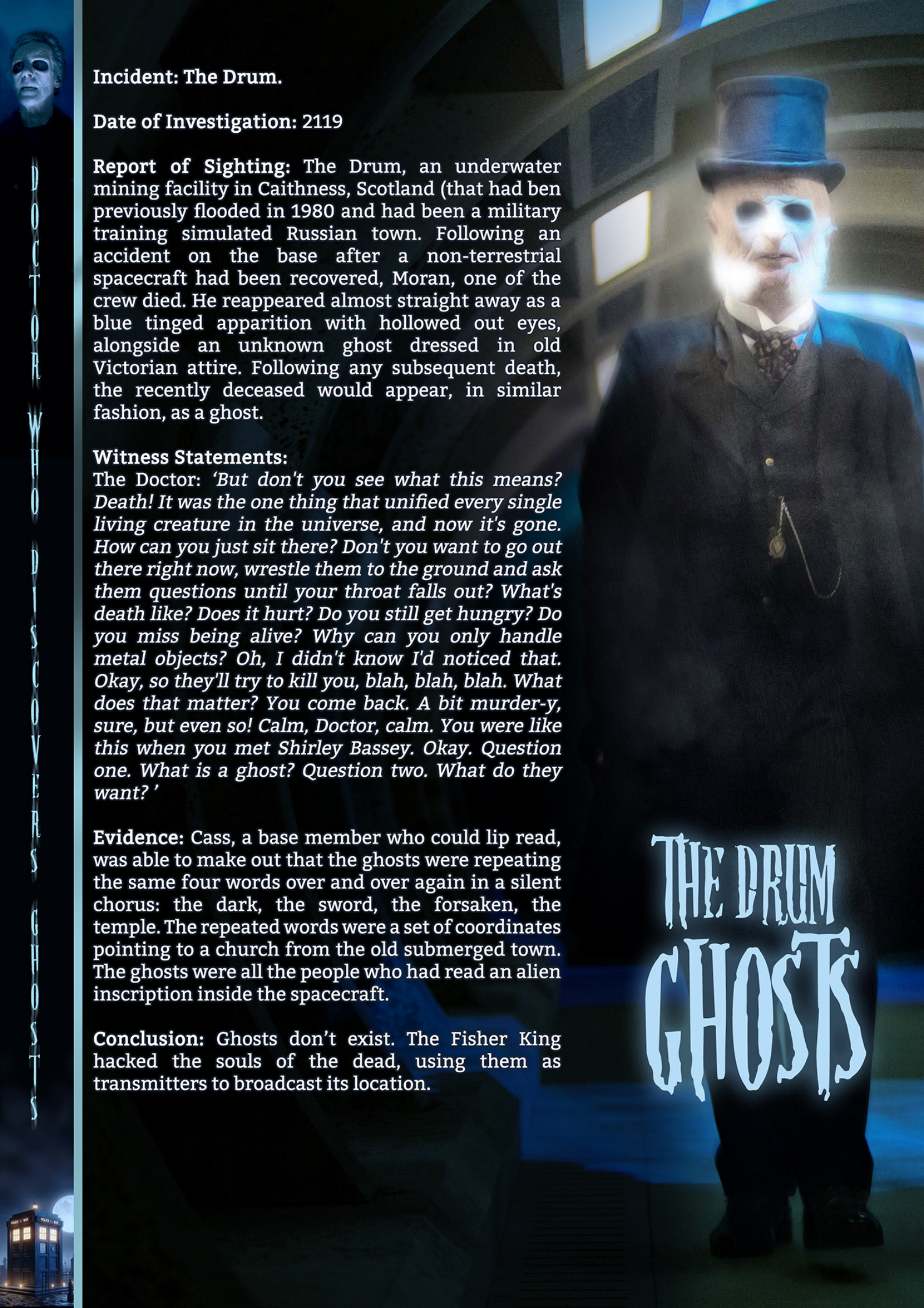
Date of Investigation: 2119

Report of Sighting: The Drum, an underwater mining facility in Caithness, Scotland (that had ben previously flooded in 1980 and had been a military training simulated Russian town. Following an accident on the base after a non-terrestrial spacecraft had been recovered, Moran, one of the crew died. He reappeared almost straight away as a blue tinged apparition with hollowed out eyes, alongside an unknown ghost dressed in old Victorian attire. Following any subsequent death, the recently deceased would appear, in similar fashion, as a ghost.

Witness Statements:
The Doctor: *'But don't you see what this means? Death! It was the one thing that unified every single living creature in the universe, and now it's gone. How can you just sit there? Don't you want to go out there right now, wrestle them to the ground and ask them questions until your throat falls out? What's death like? Does it hurt? Do you still get hungry? Do you miss being alive? Why can you only handle metal objects? Oh, I didn't know I'd noticed that. Okay, so they'll try to kill you, blah, blah, blah. What does that matter? You come back. A bit murder-y, sure, but even so! Calm, Doctor, calm. You were like this when you met Shirley Bassey. Okay. Question one. What is a ghost? Question two. What do they want? '*

Evidence: Cass, a base member who could lip read, was able to make out that the ghosts were repeating the same four words over and over again in a silent chorus: the dark, the sword, the forsaken, the temple. The repeated words were a set of coordinates pointing to a church from the old submerged town. The ghosts were all the people who had read an alien inscription inside the spacecraft.

Conclusion: Ghosts don't exist. The Fisher King hacked the souls of the dead, using them as transmitters to broadcast its location.



ARMY OF GHOSTS

Incident: The Army of Ghosts

Date of Investigation: 01/07/2007

Report of Sighting: All around the world the ghosts of the dead are returning to the present, only for a couple of minutes. They don't say anything, but people who see them are identifiable, for example by a familiar smell.

Witness Statements:
Jackie Tyler: *'Woke up one morning, and there they all were. Ghosts, everywhere. We all ran round screaming and that. Whole planet was panicking. No sign of you, thank you very much. Then it sort of sank in. It took us time to realise that we're lucky.'*
Rose Tyler: 'What makes you think it's granddad?'
Jackie: *'It just feels like him. There's that smell, those old cigarettes. Can't you smell it?'*

Evidence: I analysed the 'Ghost Shift' with equipment from the TARDIS discovering that the 'ghosts' were actually beings attempting to force themselves through from outside the universe. The Torchwood Institute were using technology to create the Ghost Shift by widening a breach created between realities by a Void ship. Soon, arriving *en masse*, the 'ghosts' were revealed to be Cybermen.

Conclusion: Ghosts don't exist. The ghost army were Cybermen. Footprints don't always look like boots.

CIVIL WAR GHOSTS

Ghostly apparitions

Incident: Roundhead Ghosts in Little Hodcombe

Date of Investigation: 13/07/1984

Report of Sighting: In the cellar of a church in the village of Little Hodcombe three spectral figures, Roundheads from 1643.

Witness Statements:
Ben Wolsey: *'Where did they come from?'*
The Doctor: *'They're...'*
Jane Hampden: *'Psychic projections.'*
Ben: *'I'd feel happier with a gun.'*
Tegan Jovanka: *'Wouldn't make any difference. They're not real.'*
Ben: *'They look solid enough to me.'*
The Doctor: *'The Malus' last line of defence. They'll kill as effectively as any living thing.'*

Evidence: An alien presence, the Malus, was trapped within the walls of a church in Little Hodcombe. The Malus was a psychically-powered war machine originating from the Hakolian race, the spearhead of an invasion that never happened.

Conclusion: Ghosts don't exist. The ghosts were psychic projections.

CLOISTER WRAITHS

Incident: The Cloister Wraiths, Galifrey

Date of Investigation: Galifreyan Time

Report of Sighting: Cloister Wraiths, also known as 'Sliders', patrolled the Cloisters, a crypt below the Capitol on Gallifrey, through which the Matrix could be accessed.

Witness Statements:
The Doctor: *'The Cloister Wraiths. Sliders, we used to call them. They guard the Matrix. We're safe in here.'*
Clara Oswald: *'Why?'*
The Doctor: *'They only attack if you make any attempt to leave.'*
Clara: *'How long are we planning to stay?'*
The Doctor: *'Or, actually, if you try to stay.'*
Clara: *'You realise how well that conversation went, right?'*
The Doctor: *'Starting to, yeah, a bit.'*

Evidence: The Cloister Wraiths were representations of dead Time Lords who guarded the Cloisters and prevented access to the Matrix. The minds of dying Time Lords were uploaded to the Matrix just prior to death.

Conclusion: Ghosts don't exist. Even on Gallifrey.

Cloister Wraith

DOCTOR WHO DISCOVERS GHOSTS

DOCTOR WHO DISCOVERS GHOSTS

Incident: Caliburn House, the Witch of the Well, and the hider in the house.

Date of Investigation: 25/11/74

Report of Sighting: Paranormal investigators, Professor Alec Palmer and Emma Grayling, were attempting to contact an apparition in Caliburn House. The apparition was sometimes known as the 'Witch of the Well' or 'The Caliburn Ghast'.

Witness Statements:
Professor Palmer: *Caliburn House is over four hundred years old, but she has been here much longer. The Caliburn Ghast. She's mentioned in local Saxon poetry and parish folk tales. The Wraith of the Lady, the Maiden in the Dark, the Witch of the Well. In the seventeenth century, a local clergyman saw her. He wrote that her presence was accompanied by a dreadful knocking, as if the Devil himself demanded entry. During the war, American airmen stationed here left offerings of tinned Spam. The tins were found in 1965, bricked up in the servants' pantry, along with a number of handwritten notes. Appeals to the Ghast. For the love of God, stop screaming.*

Evidence: The investigators had photographic evidence of the same figure, in the same pose, from various times throughout the history of the house. There was, however, another presence in the house, one that could not so easily be seen, hiding in the house.
My investigation, using the TARDIS, showed that the photographs taken at the same location, throughout Earth's history, were caused by a time traveller, Hila Tacorien, who was trapped in a pocket universe, chased by a strange creature.

Conclusion: Ghosts don't exist. The apparition was caused by a trapped time traveller.

WITCH OF THE WELL

THE DOCTOR'S GHOST

One of the dangers of time travel is crossing your own timeline and running into your own future, particularly if you saw an omen of your impending death.

During his fourth incarnation, the Doctor decided to try and repair the TARDIS's chameleon circuit and travelled to 1980s England to measure an authentic Police Telephone Box. It was there that the Doctor saw 'The Watcher', a silent white ethereal figure who he seemed to know had relevance to his impending regeneration. The Watcher was a portent of the end and a new beginning, death and rebirth, haunting the fourth Doctor at the end of his days.

DOCTOR WHO DISCOVERS GHOSTS

GHOST HUNTERS

Caliburn House, a large country mansion, was the subject of an investigation by Professor Alec Palmer and Emma Grayling in 1974.

Professor Alec Palmer

Traumatised by his experiences during World War II, particularly the lives he took during the fighting, as part of the 'Baker Street Irregulars'. Looking for evidence of life beyond death, Professor Palmer became a ghost hunter.

Professor Palmer mainly used the ACR 99821 (complete with toggles!) which was used to detect RF signals, thermometers and cameras to investigate the haunting.

Emma Grayling

Emma Grayling was a gifted empath who helped Professor Palmer investigate the haunting of Caliburn House. Emma's empathic skills allowed her to communicate with the spirit world and also helped to rescue a time-traveller who was stranded across time – and the source of the apparition seen over the entire history of the house.

'To the rational mind, nothing is inexplicable...
...only unexplained.'

GHOSTS ON FILM

Over the years, many people have looked for evidence of ghosts, with some people even claiming evidence of ghosts caught on camera. Could these be genuine photos of ghosts, or might there be a more rational explanation?

The 'Cooper family' photo

First appearing online in 2009, this photograph of a family sitting at the dining table seems to show a male apparition hanging down close by, the family oblivious to its presence.

Disturbing as the picture is, one of the boys in the family later debunked it as a fake, saying that this was likely a photo that was thrown away and then doctored.

"When my older brother sent me this

link I was floored. We are the two boys in the picture. Well we were back in 1959. I have many picture like this one, but not this one. My mother had a habit of throwing away pictures that she didn't like. Eventually the ones she kept were passed along to me. What annoys me is that somebody got hold of a family photograph. The story is almost entirely fiction. Our last name is Copper, not Cooper. Does anybody know who did this?"

STATUS:
EXPLAINED!

The back seat ghost

This image was taken on 22nd March 1959 by Mabel Chinnery. After it was developed, she noticed a figure in the back of the car who looked like her mother, Mrs. Ellen Hammell, who died a week earlier. At the time the image was taken, Mabel Chinnery was on the way to Ellen Hammell's funeral.

Whilst the photo looks quite convincing at first glance, there may be an anomaly on closer inspection. The ghost's collar seems to overlap with the door frame slightly, leading some people to think it is a double exposure, but otherwise there is little else to confidently debunk it.

STATUS:
UNEXPLAINED!

The Newby Church Spectre

The Newby Spectre, or Newby Monk, was an apparition caught on film inside the Church of Christ the Consoler, on the grounds of Newby Hall in North Yorkshire. In 1963, Reverend Kenneth Lord was taking images of the church altar, but when this photo was developed, a strange shrouded figure was apparent.

The image has been examined over the years, some people thinking it is a double exposure, whilst others don't. The spectre in the image may appear to be about 9 feet tall, though it may be shorter, with the lower part of the 'apparition' a stain on the steps.

STATUS
UNEXPLAINED!
(BUT PROBABLY FAKED)

The Wem Town Hall Ghost

Wem Town Hall, in Wem, Shropsire, was destroyed by fire on 19th November, 1995. A local amateur photographer took an image of the tragedy which showed an image of a young girl standing in the doorway of the building. It was published in the local paper, and the girl identified as Jane Churm, who was accused in 1677 of starting a fire in the town. The image was analysed, and initially thought to be just a pattern caused by burning debris that looked like a child, but a later analysis showed that the girl had

horizontal scan lines on them, suggesting it was a fake.
Fifteen years later, and five years after the photographer died, the source of the image of the girl was discovered – it was from a postcard published in the Shropshire Star in 1922.

STATUS:
DEBUNKED!

The Brown Lady of Raynham Hall

Another famous image is the Brown Lady, taken at Raynham Hall, Norfolk, England. It is supposed to be the ghost of Lady Dorothy Walpole, and was taken, by Country Life photographers on 19th September, 1936. Lady Walpole was said to have died under suspicious circumstances and had roamed the hall since. Unlike the other photographs presented here, this ghost was supposedly seen many times in the hall before the image was taken. The account taken at the time was that the photographer's assistant saw the gradual formation of the ghost and the photo was taken in response.

This again has been claimed to be a double exposure, possibly with an image of a Virgin Mary statue superimposed on the photograph of the stairs.

STATUS:
ALMOST CERTAINLY A HOAX.

THE HAUNTING

They had gathered in the dim basement, their shadows dancing with a frivolous lunacy across the damp stone floor, cast by the flickering candles set up around the group. This was, after all, a ghost hunt, and atmosphere was everything. There were five of them present, all teenagers who knew each other from sixth form at Winifred Caulderdale High School where they'd met and set up their own amateur paranormal research group. They'd spent most of last week walking around Measdon Park looking for a UFO, but this week was all about the ghosts!

They all huddled together, the initial nervous and excitable chit chat had settled down to silence as they finally composed themselves. They sat on top of an old rug, gathered around an old cassette tape recorder and microphone, hoping they'd catch some spooky sounds, or even the voice of a ghostly inhabitant desperate to talk to the living.

Emma, who had already appointed herself as the group's spokesperson, adjusted her large glasses. She'd read quite a

few guides over the years, ones she'd bought with her birthday money. She'd studied ghosts quite a bit, in particular. "The I-Spy Guide to the Paranormal" and "The Ladybird Book of Ghosts" were practically her bibles. So, tonight was her moment, she told herself. The others could have their UFOs and their Lambton Worms - she was more interested in hauntings. Taking in a deep breath, she leaned forward and pressed record, then spoke - her voice shaky with nerves.

'If there are any spirits here,' she whispered, 'talk to us. Or, um, make a sound, at least!'

She glanced quickly around the group, hoping to sense that she was pitching this just right, but they were all absorbed in the séance.

'Make your presence known to us!'

Lee was in charge of the microphone and recorder, mainly because they used to be his dad's. He fiddled with some of the switches on the recorder, changing between settings that has been scribbled onto tape and stuck on the side: 'EVP mode' and 'Non-Verbal Sounds'.

'Come on, Casper, have a natter,' he muttered.

Bobby, to his left, elbowed him. 'Shush!' Next to Bobby laid a wired notebook and biro. He had been the one who had found this place after spending more than enough time in the local library. He'd found a few articles about this place in the local history section.

There had once been an old house that stood on this site, a manor that was home to the Greyshaw family, once wealthy landowners. From the illustrations in the articles, it once looked grand but had fallen into disrepair, and finally, ruins. Developers had cleared most of the site, used it for warehouses which, in turn, outlived their value, became vacant, and were left to rot. But Bobby had discovered that an old basement from the original manor house still remained, accessible through one of the abandoned warehouses, and perfect for a ghost hunt.

Tony and Paul rounded out the group. Tony was an avid fan of horror films, and whilst nothing was likely to shock him tonight, he was really hoping to hear something on the tapes. His main worry was that they might not catch anything at all. Paul, on the other hand, had come along somewhat reluctantly and was already wondering if this was just a big waste of time.

'This is bollocks,' Paul moaned. 'Let's just face it, there's nowt here.'

Suddenly, the air in the basement started to stir, gently at first, but picking up rapidly, making the candle flames flicker and the edge of the rug to lift.

'What the-!' Lee screamed. 'Somethings coming!'

The tape recorder started to clatter, rattling and spinning in the centre of their circle as an unearthly sound started to echo around the room. Panic set in amongst the group, this was not what they had expected at all. In a chaotic scrum as they tried to run out of the abandoned basement, tripping over each other as they escaped. Paul, the last one out, slammed the wooden door firmly shut, but not before turning around one last time and shouting: 'BOLLOCKS!"

Something had arrived in the basement, something not of this Earth. The TARDIS stood there, now fully materialised, the scene calm once again. The Doctor stepped out and looked at the chaotic way the room had been left, but his attention was particularly drawn to the tape recorder that was upturned on the rug. It didn't take him long to realise what had just happened in the moments before his arrival.

'Ghost hunters,' the Doctor murmured as he pressed rewind on the tape recorder, noting that it was still on the EVP setting. He pressed play, but all he could hear was the feint crackle of audio static. But he had a sense that there was something more, something elusive lingering in the background.

The Doctor licked a finger and lifted it up

EVP
MAGNETIC
Electrical
CRYSTAL SOUND

in the air.

'1983,' he commented. 'Analogue cassettes,' he added, before placing one end of his sonic screwdriver on the recorder and playing the sound loop again. This time, the recording filled the room, the static barely noticeable, the audio much clearer. There was a voice in the ether. An old man's voice.

'Go away! Leave me alone!' It was the voice of a ghost.

Sir Reginald Greyshaw looked at the grey-haired stranger who stood in the middle of the room. He didn't recognise him, clearly he was an interloper. He could feel the annoyance and frustration at this man just wandering around what was left of his home, but, well, he didn't really get visitors and the afterlife had turned out to be pretty boring really. The man was holding a strange noisy box that he didn't recognise.

'What was it?' He thought to himself.

'It's a tape recorder,' the Doctor answered.

How could he answer? How could he know what Sir Reginald was thinking?

'This,' the Doctor said, holding his arms out loosely and spinning around on the spot, 'must all be strange to you.'

The man held an unfamiliar object - a wand or tool of sorts. Sir Reginald didn't recognise that either, he felt disconnected from the world now. This had been his life, well, afterlife, for a while now – the world changed around him, but he stayed the same. Everything familiar had faded away over time to be replaced by things he could no longer recognise.

The 'wand' in the man's hand seemed to light up, a strange green glow, then an unnatural blue glow. On the dank wall behind the man, jagged lines of orange started to appear, glowing like embers in a fire.

'So that's why,' the Doctor muttered, a sense of satisfaction in his voice. 'That's why you remain here.' The man continued to wave the strange item in front of the wall, coaxing orange crystals out from the bricks as they crusted over it's surface.

Abruptly, he turned and locked eyes with Sir Reginald. 'Hello,' he spoke. 'I'm the Doctor.'

Sir Reginald had once been a scholar and adventurer, a man with a thirst for knowledge that was reflected in the vast book colection he had in his manor's library. He'd spent years after his death sadly watching it fall into rack and ruin, possessions looted, and the rest broken into pieces by huge metal contraptions. Even the less-than-flattering replacement decayed, left abandoned, just like he had been. Amidst the changes, the old basement endured. He looked at the orange crystals on the wall behind the Doctor. Had they always been there?

'Time can be a cruel mistress,' the Doctor spoke softly.

Reginald trembled. 'Who are you? You said you were a doctor'

'The Doctor,' the man specified. 'If it's any consolation, I don't belong to this time either.'

The Doctor was certainly strange. Sir Reginald had scarcely seen anyone over the recent years – mainly the occasional visit from teenagers wanting to explore the abandoned basement. But this was the first time that another person had spoken directly to him for a very, very long time.

'There's a theory,' the Doctor started to explain, 'called The Stone Tape theory, that ghosts and spirits are recorded in the crystalline structure of old rocks, psychic energy that plays events over and over, leading to the appearances of ghosts.' He turned to Sir Reginald. 'That's idiotic, of course!'

He went on the touch the orange crystals, prying them out of the brickwork.

'But these are not of this Earth. They are an alien crystalline formation, perhaps left behind centuries ago, infused in the rocks that these bricks were made from. They could even be millennia old. Your

consciousness, your… soul, is trapped inside it, echoing from it.' The Doctor looked at the ghostly form of Sir Reginald. 'And here you are.'

'What year is it?' Sir Reginald asked him.

'1983,' the Doctor quietly answered.

Sir Reginald turned away, collecting himself. 'I don't recognize that contraption,' he said, approaching the tape recorder at the room's centre. 'Nor this entire world.'

The Doctor had a wry smile. Ghost hunters were often convinced that ghosts from the past seemed to be able to recognise things from their future… radios, televisions, CCTV cameras… to the point where they could use them to communicate with. But the reality was different – ghosts from the past were lost in the future, unable to move on whilst everything changed around them.

'You are trapped here, unable to move on,' the Doctor explained, 'but I have a possible solution.'

The Doctor started to pry the orange crystals out from the walls, checking each one over with his sonic screwdriver until he found the one that had somehow saved Sir Reginald's consciousness inside of it from the moment he had died.

'I exist in that gemstone?' Sir Reginald asked.

'What is the human body other than a vessel for the mind?' the Doctor pondered. 'Maybe this was once an alien probe? Something sent to another world to research and learn? Maybe it intended to just record its surroundings, but it went too far?'

The Doctor looked at Sir Reginald who hadn't understood much of his musings. 'Ah, this crystal is from the stars, and when you passed, it absorbed your consciousness. Your soul. You're no ghost, Sir Reginald.'

'That helps nought,' Sir Reginald

protested, perhaps slightly more petulantly than he intended. ‘I’m a fossil in more ways than one, Doctor. Alive, I may be, but this is not my time. I was once an explorer, I travelled the world, beheld its wonders, but now my world stagnates within these four walls.’

The Doctor held up the gem. ‘You don’t have to be trapped in this room anymore,’ he explained. ‘And I can show you much more than just this world. Do you want to see the stars?’

The TARDIS floated in space, a vast span of colourful dust clouds stretched out beyond it. Inside the impossible time machine, the Doctor had nestled the orange crystal on the control console. The wooden doors stood open, and the Doctor and Sir Reginald looked out towards the twinkling stars.

‘Where have you brought me?’ Sir Reginald asked.

‘The vastness of space,’ the Doctor said. ‘To witness the wonder of the universe.’

As the TARDIS hung in space, Sir Reginald’s fear dissolved. He saw civilizations rise and fall, stars ignite and fade.

The Doctor’s spoke: ‘Time is not linear; it exists as a vast tapestry, woven from every moment - past, present, and future. Each moment, no matter how seemingly insignificant, is important to someone. While we may feel as if we are momentary ripples in history, we all shape the future. Without us, history would lack its importance - our stories, our struggles, our lives.’

At the edge of eternity, Reginald had glimpsed the future. He no longer feared it; he embraced it.

‘The gem that hold me within – can you release it into the heavens? I could travel amongst these stars, for…’ Sir Reginald paused.

‘Yes,’ the Doctor agreed. ‘And to answer your second question… Everything has it’s time, even crystals.’

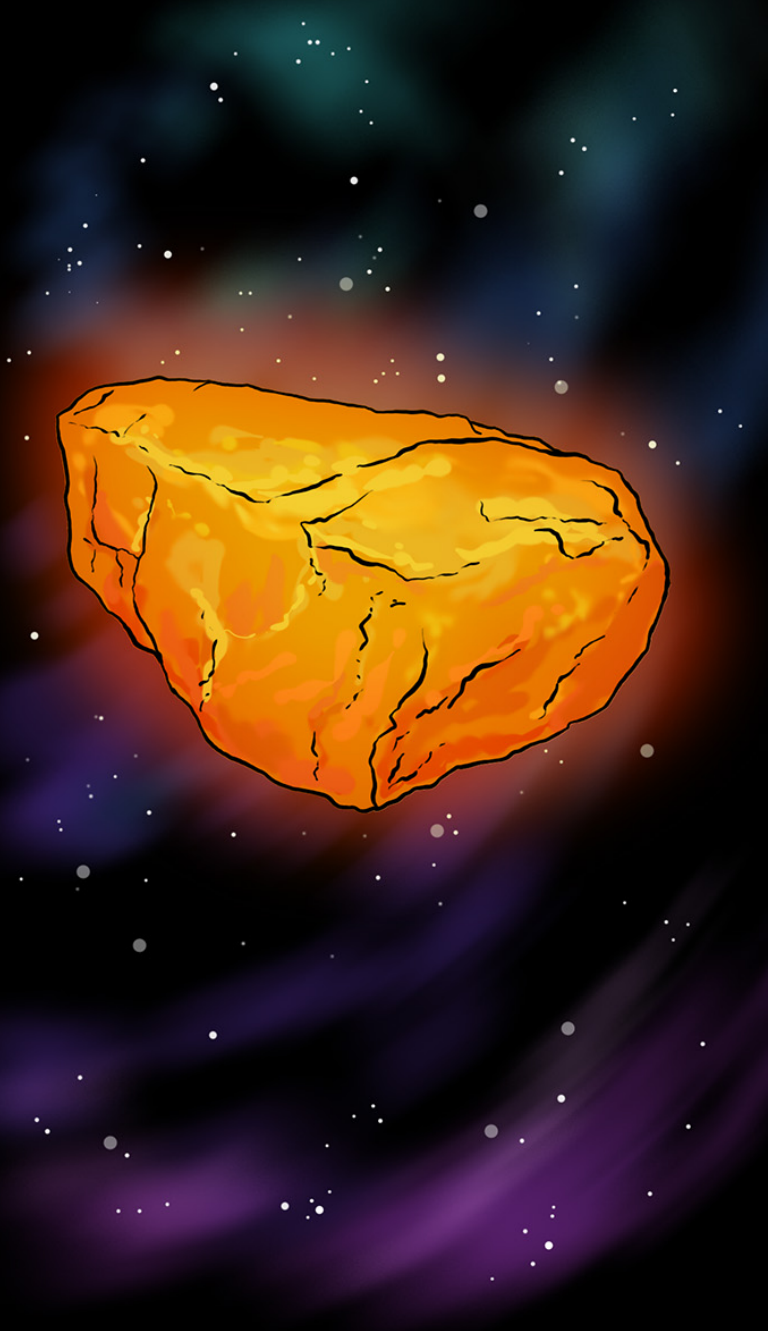
‘Then I would spend my remaining days amongst the stars, exploring the mysteries of existence.’

The Doctor collected the crystal from his console and brought it to the TARDIS doors.

The ghostly image of Sir Reginald receded back into the crystalline structure as it was gently released it into space.

The Doctor watched as the crystal drifted away, taking Sir Reginald on to adventures new.

‘Bon voyage, Sir Reginald,’ the Doctor murmured, closing the TARDIS doors just before it faded from sight.



MOMENTS IN THE WHONIVERSE

THE SKARO MUTATIONS

From Agent <REDACTED 1>_

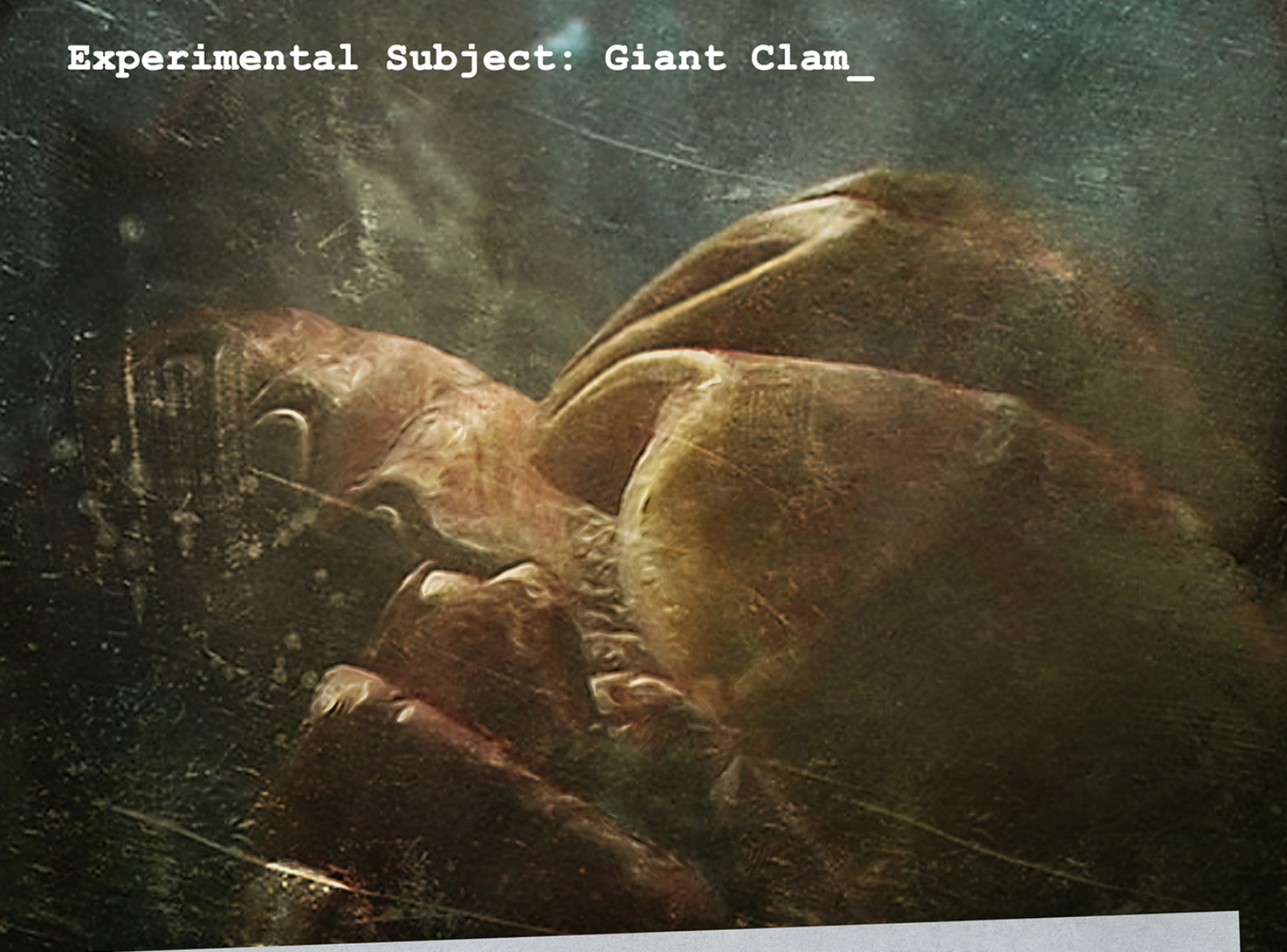
+++ The Kaled Scientific Corps have set up Project: Ultimate Survival under the lead of Chief Scientist Davros +++ Project appears to be a successor to Project: Genome Purity +++ Stated aim of the project is to protect the Kaled race from further genetic

mutations from nuclear and dystronic radiation and environmental pollution, actual purpose of the project appears different +++ Project: Genome Purity mapped the Kaled genome in full +++ I have not been able to download the key information in full, but can transmit a small section of it +++ Our scientists may find a genetic flaw in the partial genome data to base a biological weapon on, but indications are that we should hurry as Project: Ultimate Survival appears to be truly aimed at designed genetic modifications to Kaled DNA +++ I have heard whispers that the Kaled Government is unaware of this, so I have made initial contact with Government sources to warn them +++ If they can stop Davros' experiments, it will give us time to utilise the Kaled genome data to design a bio-agent weapon +++

From Agent <REDACTED 2>_

+++ I have not found any information about Agent REDACTED ONE +++ I am wary of asking too much in case my cover is blown +++ There is talk among the researchers that Davros has agents and sympathisers in the Kaled Government, so contacting them at present remains too risky +++
+++ There have been many biological experiments on Skarosian lifeforms inside the Scientific Research Bunker labs +++ Details of specific experiments will follow +++
+++ Experimentation on the Giant Clam focussed mainly on improving it's outer shell strength and chemodetection abilities +++ Giant Clam fast twitch muscle experiments undertaken show that genetic alterations to DNA sequencing can improve muscle reaction times by up to 85% +++

Experimental Subject: Giant Clam_

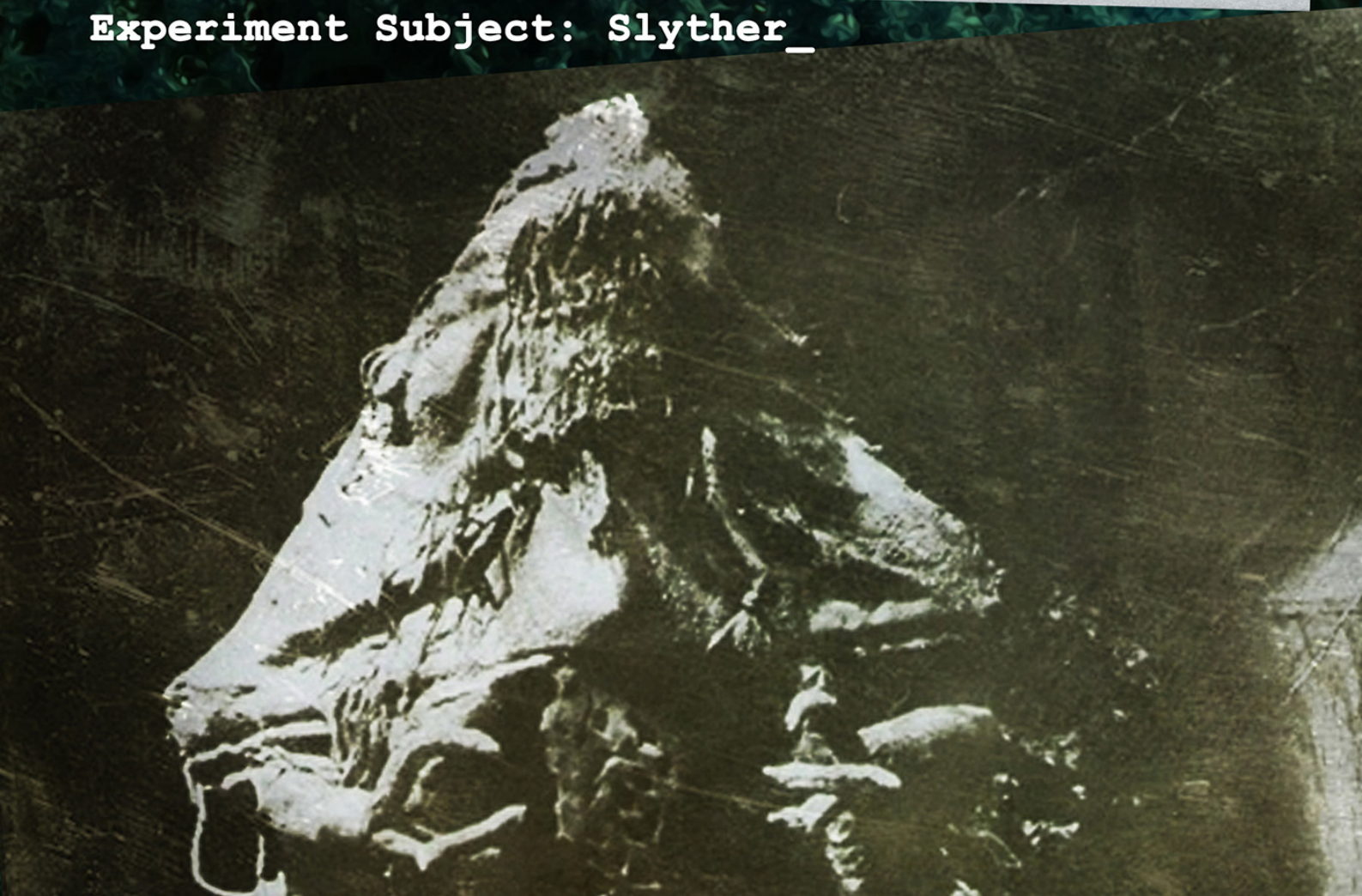


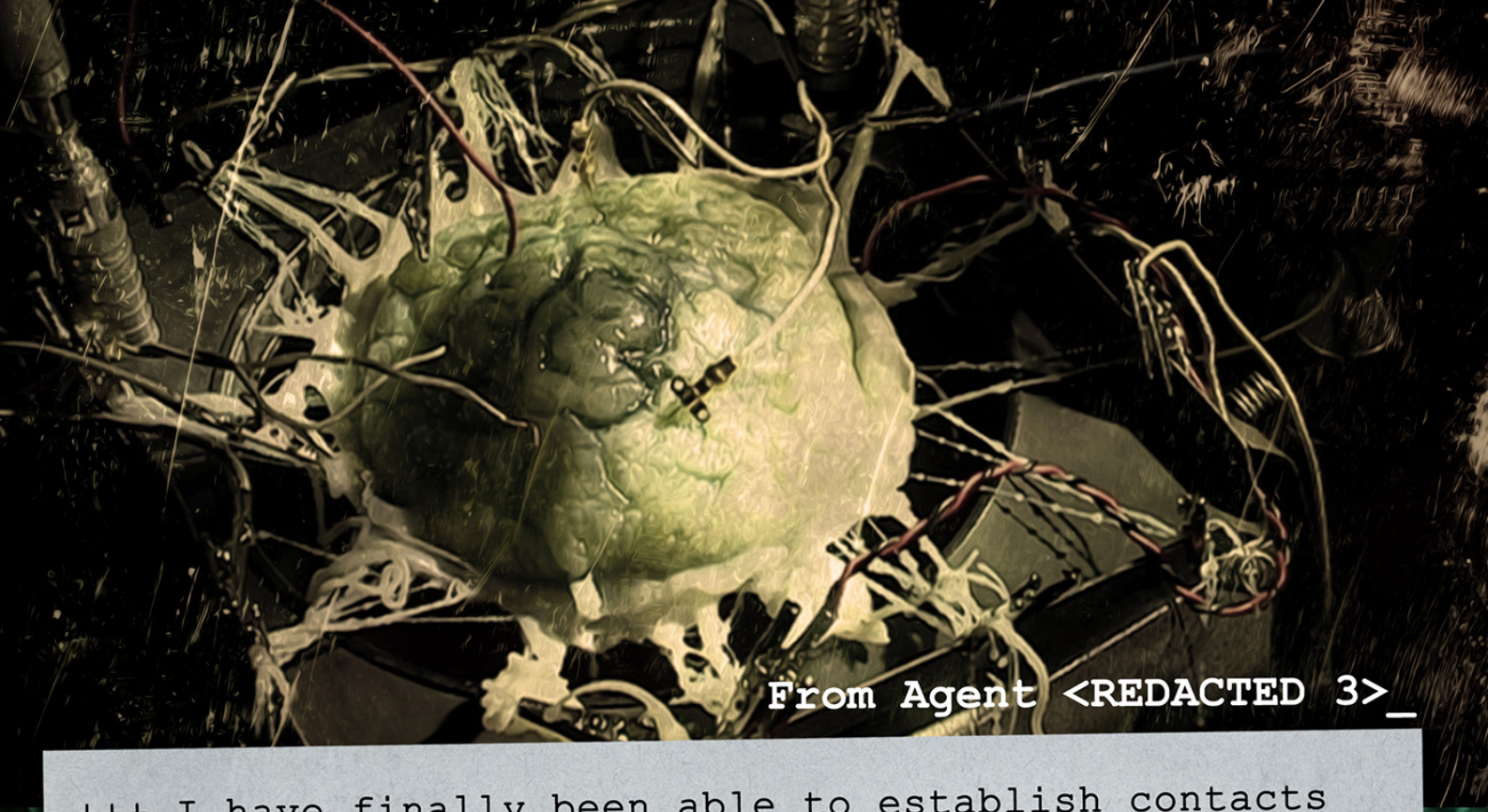
+++At the conclusion of the experiments, some scientists report Davros has either kept the experiments as pets, or disposed of them in the city's old sewer system +++

+++ The Kaleds have experimented on several specimens of Slyther, enhancing cognitive ability +++ Scientists I have spoken to working on this experiment have suggested that cognitive ability has been increased, alongside obedience +++ There are suggestions and increasingly paranoid Davros is attempting the create moderately intelligent guards using Slythers, although some scientists wonder if there is a deeper agenda +++ The military applications of altering cognition and obedience cannot be underestimated +++

+++ There are references in several highly classified Kaled communications of 'Project: Genesis' +++ Chief Kaled Scientist, Davros, appears to be leading the project, but specific factual details are not present in the official communications +++ The project appears to be a continuation of Project: Ultimate Survival and Project: Genome Purity +++ It is again a project classified as a scientific study to conserve the Kaled people, but leaks from contacts attached to the project indicate it may have a military purpose +++ Initial designs for an enclosed personal mobility vehicle have been fast-tracked as high priority, though the purpose remains unclear +++ this may be a biotech suit to protect against chemical or biological warfare, but I have not found evidence of any ongoing chemical or biological agent research programmes +++ I believe the vehicle design is flawed - there is insufficient space inside the vehicles for an adult Kaled to fit inside +++

Experiment Subject: Slyther_

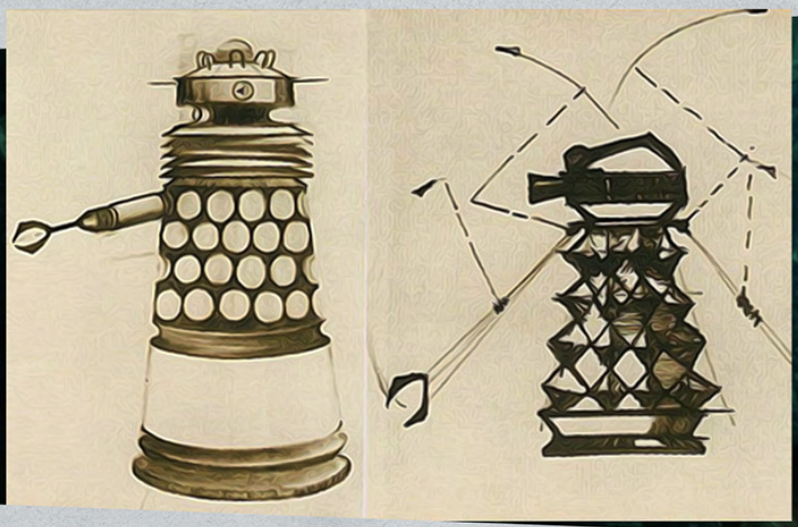




From Agent <REDACTED 3>_

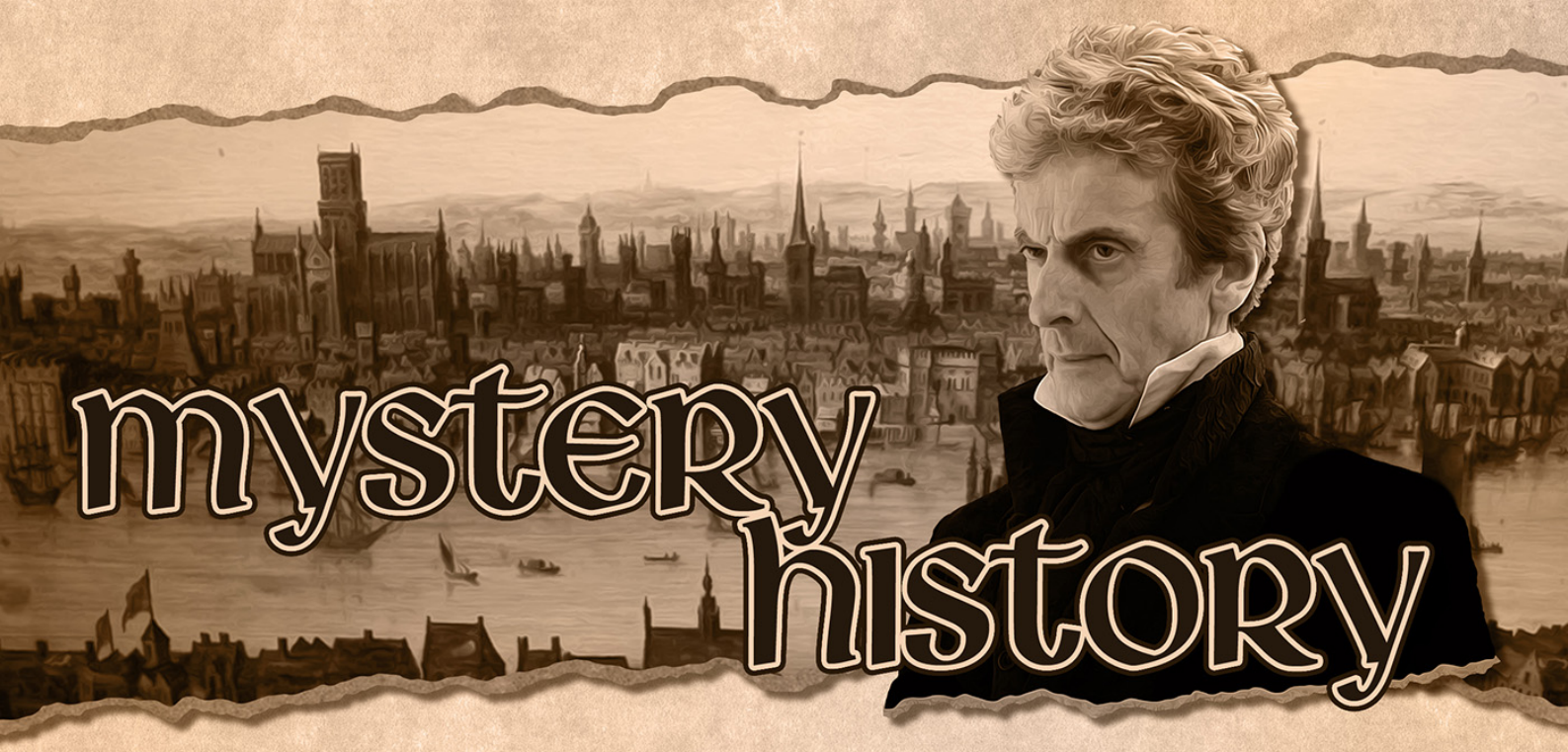
+++ I have finally been able to establish contacts within Project: Genesis +++ Maintaining cover remains difficult, so my progress has been slow +++ Kaleds still remain particularly suspicious since Agent REDACTED TWO was found and arrested +++ Some evidence he was found examining the enclosed personal mobility vehicle +++ The vehicles have the official classification of Mk 1 Travel Machines +++
+++ My sources have informed me of the fate of Agent REDACTED TWO +++ The Mk 1 Travel Machine at the centre of Project: Genesis was never designed to be used by a full-sized Kaled +++ The centre of the vehicle contains a biological interface chamber +++ Davros has experimented with using genetically and surgically altered brains of criminals and spies, placing them within these bio-chambers to see if they can control these vehicles +++ I have been told Agent REDACTED TWO's brain was used in one such experiment +++ That experiment was unsuccessful +++ Details of the final occupants for the vehicles remain classified, but Project: Genesis has a second, more secret component - a biological one +++ The only known fact is that Kaled volunteers are being recruited, Davros is now refusing to use Thals or Mutos +++

+++ I am struggling more and more to maintain cover +++ Nyder, in particular, has taken a closer interest in my work +++ I am not even sure if he knows I have been leaking intel, and so I must warn that even the information I provide may be a tool he and Davros are using in the wider war +++ There have been further refinements to the armour of the Travel Machine, and to the bio-chamber at the heart of it +++ I have no further information on the biological component to the project, except what the shell-shocked faces of the scientists working on the project indicate to me +++ Davros is conducting atrocities on his own people in the name of scientific progress +++ My speculation is that the creatures that will inhabit the Travel Machines are of Kaled origin, but are not much bigger than a Kaled head +++ The horrors inside the Project: Genesis biological research lab must be unspeakable, but I will try and gain access +++



+++ I am unable to access the Project: Genesis biological research lab +++ Security has been tightened further +++ Yesterday a Kaled scientist was executed for leaking information to the Thals, but I know this is a false allegation as I am the only Thal agent present +++ The Mk 1 Travel Machine is rumoured to have a new designation +++ The machine is now called a 'Dalek' +++

NO FURTHER TRANSMISSION FROM AGENT <REDACTED 3>_



Who was the mysterious figure who courted the rulers of Europe in the 18th Century, a man who never aged, claimed to be hundreds of years old, had knowledge of ancient history and the future, and seemed to know everything? Who was the man who used the title: The Comte de Saint Germain?

An Immortal Man?

The origins of the man who went by the title 'The Comte de Saint Germain' are surrounded in mystery with no historical record of his birth. He claimed that he was the son of Prince Francis II Rátóczi of Transylvania, which led some scholars to date his birth to the late 1600's, although this is not consistent with his youthful appearance on the 1760's and 1770's. Accounts from others claim he said he was 'over 500 years old', 'over 100', and '300 years old'.

The Comte's reputation to be immortal was furthered by the account of the Countess von Georgy. In Paris, 1760, the Countess heard that the Comte de Saint Germain had arrived at the home of Madame de Pompadour. She was curious to meet him as she had met him in Venice in 1710. Upon seeing him, she was amazed to see that he hadn't appeared to have aged. The Countess said: "The Comte de Saint Germain I knew in those days was at least forty-five years old, and you, at the outside, are that age at present." "Madame, I am very old," he replied with a knowing smile.

Another account, from the Comtesse d'Adhémar held a conversation with the Comte in 1789, during the French Revolution, detailing to her France's immediate future. She saw him several times, often at key historical events, last seeing him in 1820 – each time she saw him she said he looked like a man no older than his mid-forties.

Other stories associated with the Comte report that he claimed to be at the wedding at Cana where Jesus changed water into wine, and later at the Council of Nicaea in 325 A.D.

An Elegant Appearance

Horace Walpole described him as a "gentleman", with "extremely black" hair and a beard, and "dressed magnificently."

C.W. Leadbeater claimed to have met him in Rome in 1926, describing him as

having brown eyes, olive coloured skin and a pointed beard: “The splendour of his appearance impels men to make obeisance.” He also claimed that the Comte possessed a robe previously owned by a Roman emperor.

A Man of Incredible Skill and Influence

The Comte de Saint Germain had an interest in science, alchemy and the arts. Wherever he travelled he set up an elaborate laboratory; he could play the violin like a virtuoso; contributed songs to a London Opera in 1945; was an accomplished painter; a man of great wealth but had no bank accounts; claimed he could fuse several small diamonds into a large diamond; and claimed he could make pearls grow to incredible sizes.

Giacomo Casanova said: “This extraordinary man, intended by nature to be the king of imposters and quacks, would say in an easy, assured manner that he was 300 years old, that he knew the secret of Universal Medicine, that he possessed a mastery over nature, that he could melt diamonds.”

It has been variously claimed that he was linked to many secret societies including the Rosicrucians, the Illuminati and the Order of the Templars.

The Comte was a highly influential diplomat in the courts of France in 1740, the Hague in 1760, Russia in 1762 and France again in 1774, when he told King Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette that revolution would come 15 years in the future, and he was later seen in Germany in 1779.

Death and Resurrection

He is alleged to have died in 1784, but was seen in 1785 in Germany with Anton Mesmer, and it is claimed by some that it was the Comte who gave Mesmer the basic ideas for hypnotism and personal magnetism. Even the aforementioned account of the Comtesse d’Adhémar in 1810 would not be the last witnessed account of his appearance in history, with claims of people meeting him in both the 20th and 21st centuries.

Not just the Comte de Saint Germain, a man of many titles…

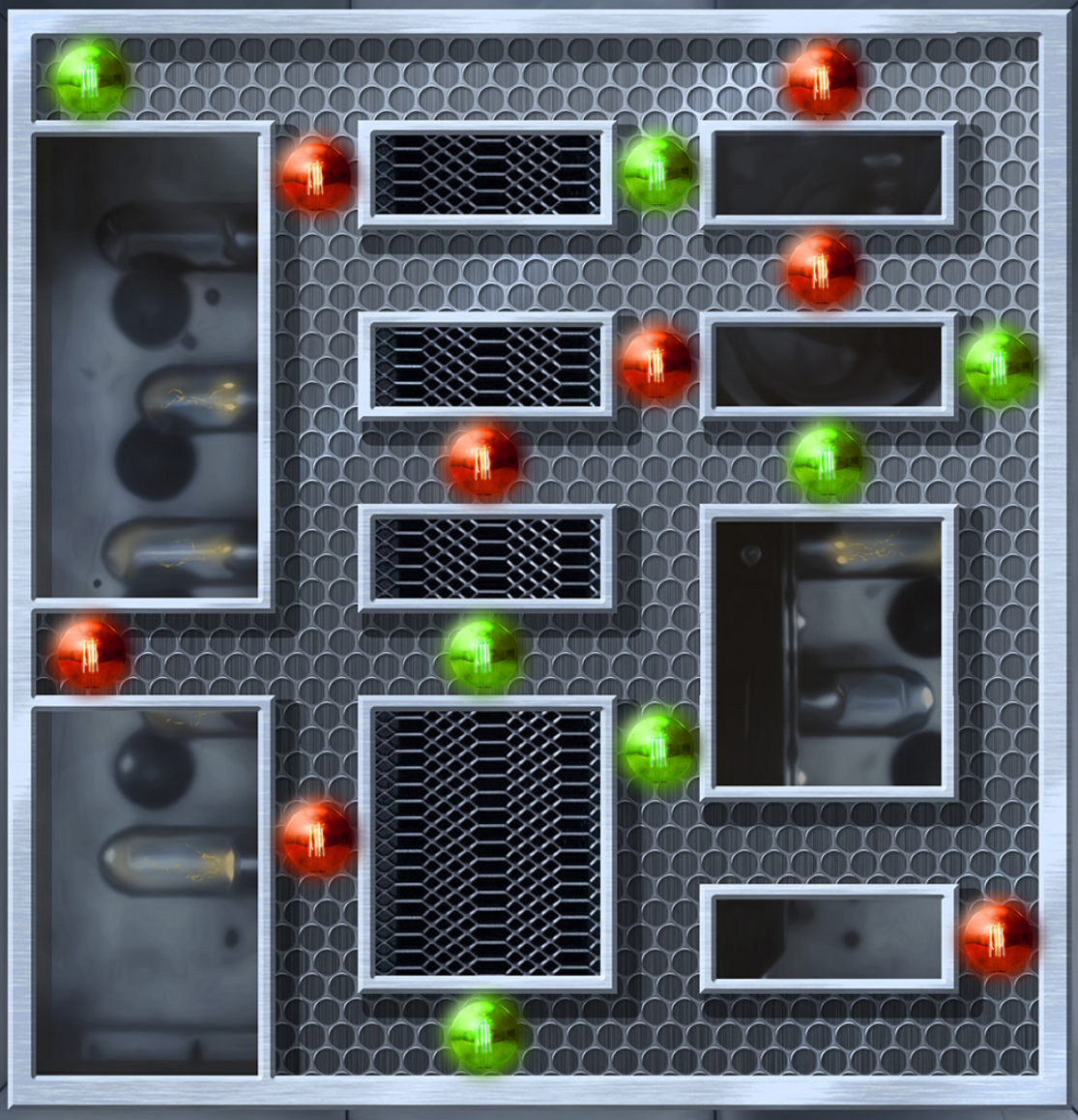
Horace Walpole, in 1745, wrote: ‘The other day they seized an odd man, who goes by the name of the Comte de Saint Germain. He will not tell who he is, but professes that he does not go by his right name.”

Prince Charles of Hesse-Kassel described him as “one of the greatest philosophers who ever lived,” and Voltaire termed him ‘The Wonderman’, “a man who does not die, and who knows everything.”

The Theosophical Society considered him to be a Master of the Ancient Wisdom. Sometimes he is also known as Master Rátóczi, or more simply, Master R…

A Cyberman has attacked you!

You have one chance to short circuit its chest unit. Connect green diode A to red diode B with a line that must pass through alternating coloured diodes? You can go through any diode more than once... Be quick...



CYBER SHOCK

The Doctor and the Gruffalo

‘Is this Narnia?’ the little voice asked.

The Doctor spun around to see where the sound had come from. A sharp pain seared through his side and he caught his breath, momentarily forgetting his injuries. He placed a hand on the central console to steady himself.

‘Ah, hello there,’ the Doctor said, grimacing.

A small boy stood in the doorway of the TARDIS, he must only have been about 6 or 7, the Doctor supposed – as he was getting older, telling the age of humans was getting trickier. The boy’s bright eyes looked around the room in astonishment, his mouth open in surprise and wonder. Other than his face, the rest of him was covered in a brown furry outfit.

‘What manner of creature are you?’ the Doctor asked.

‘A Gruffalo.’

‘A Gruffalo? There’s no such thing as a Gruffalo. Is there?’

‘Orange eyes,’ the boy replied pointing to his hood. ‘Purple prickles,’ he pointed to his back.

‘Oh, I see,’ the Doctor smiled back. Even smiling hurt. He winced as he tried to stand up. ‘How did you get into my TARDIS?’ the Doctor asked.

‘How did you get into my wardrobe?’ the boy asked in return.

‘Your wardrobe? Ah, that explains the ‘Narnia’,’ the Doctor realised. The boy nodded.

The Doctor carefully returned back to the console, his face illuminated by the light of the central column. His hearts sank as he looked at the readings on the nearest display. He turned back towards the little boy.

‘I need to get you back,’ he said. ‘This... TARDIS of mine... It must have somehow latched onto your wardrobe. The nearest physical object it could grasp onto that was even vaguely similar.’ The Doctor paused, rasping for breath. ‘What happened exactly? Did you step into your wardrobe?’

‘Yes.’

‘And this,’ the Doctor waved to demonstrate the TARDIS interior, ‘is the inside of your wardrobe?’

‘Yes.’

‘Ah! I see.’ The Doctor glanced at the TARDIS console once more. A single flickering red light held his attention for a moment, but his focus started to blur. ‘Well, Little Gruffalo, I would like to say that it’s been nice meeting you, but you can’t stay.’ He needed him to leave, right now. The flickering of the red light was getting faster and faster. ‘Sorry about borrowing your wardrobe for a while, but you need to just go back out through those doors, back into your bedroom.’ He tried his best not to sound too urgent.

The boy looked at him again, confused for a moment. The Doctor’s vision started to blur again, and suddenly everything went black.

‘Mister? Mister?’ a voice broke through into the Doctor’s consciousness. The Doctor opened his eyes and started to look around. A few columns of steam were rising up through the TARDIS and the cloister bells were tolling.

‘Oh, Little Gruffalo. You are still here.’

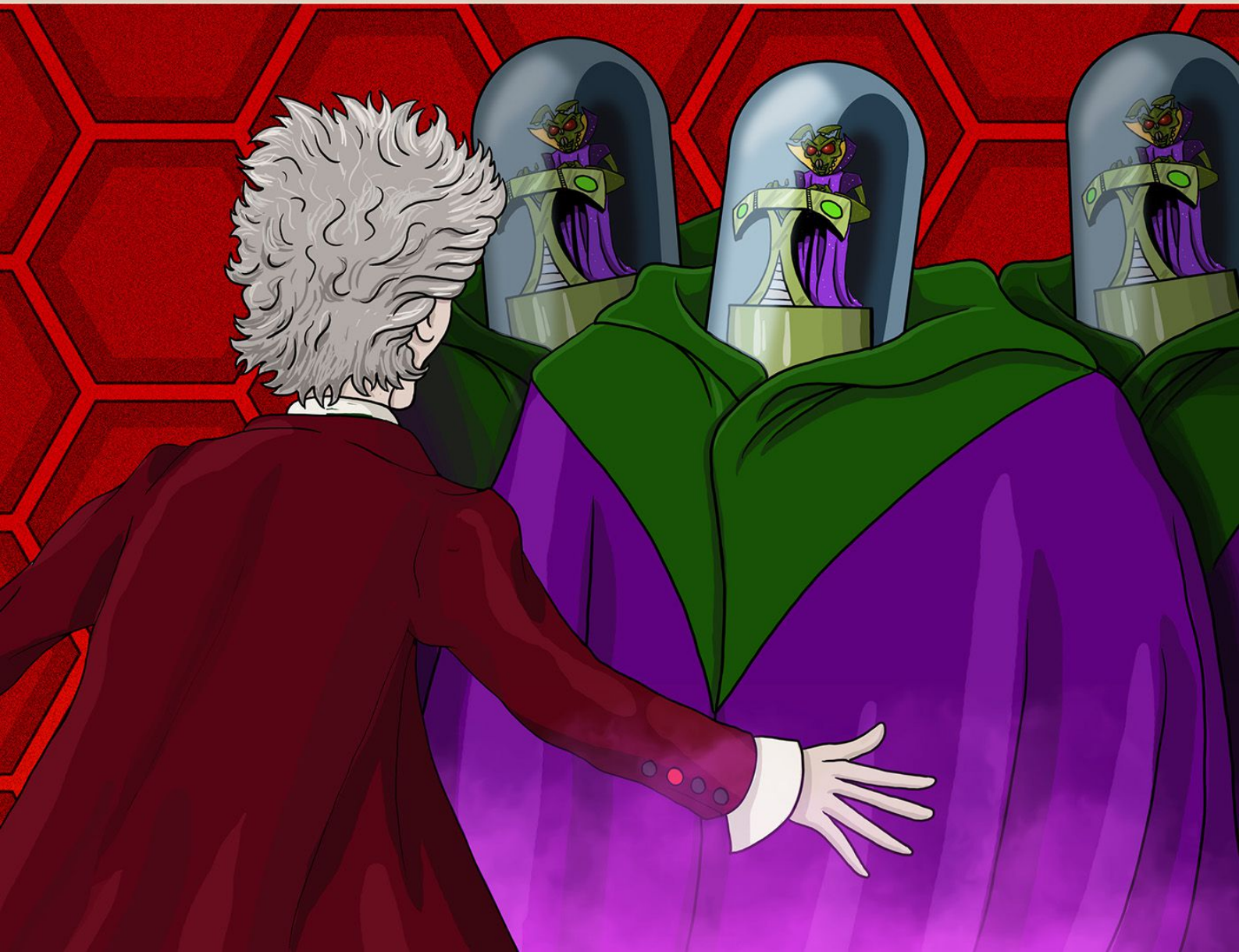
The TARDIS lurched to one side suddenly, the Doctor grabbed hold of the Gruffalo to stop him rolling across the floor. He helped him up before checking the console again. There was an incoming transmission.

Three large humanoid shapes started to form in the air close by. Humanoid, that was, apart from where the head should normally be. In place of the head was a glass dome, and inside each glass dome stood a smaller, green-skinned and dome-headed miniature alien, no taller than the Doctor’s outstretched hand.

‘Doctor,’ the foremost figure spoke, ‘I am Jarok, and these are Honju and Solik. We are the Tech-Brotherhood of Aethe.’

The Doctor pressed some buttons on the console, and the holograms abruptly disappeared. The Doctor glanced at the Little Gruffalo to see whether he had seen them. Of course, he had.

‘Too boring,’ he winced. ‘Had to change the channel.’



Some words started to form on the TARDIS viewscreens.

++DOCTOR++YOU++HAVE++
ONE++HOUR++.

'One hour,' the Doctor thought. He could feel the panic, but not for himself. After all, he had lived a long life, and he had known the risks even on that first day that he ran away, but this child was precious, innocent, and he had walked into this by accident. 'Tell me... what's so special about this Gruffalo?' the Doctor asked.

'It's a brilliant story,' the Gruffalo grinned. 'Haven't you read it?'

'No, I don't think I have,' the Doctor sat down next to the Gruffalo, he could feel the dizziness coming on again. 'How does it go?'

'A mouse took a stroll through the deep, dark wood...' the Gruffalo started, his eyes bright and full of wonder. 'A fox saw the mouse and the mouse looked good.'

+++

'Bravo!' the Doctor cheered as the boy finished the tale, the pain in his side suddenly returning as he did so. He held his side for a moment.

'Did you like it?' the Gruffalo asked.

'It was brilliant! So, if I have this correct, the mouse saved his skin by pretending he was off to meet a terribly scary Gruffalo for a meal, only to find the terribly scary

Gruffalo for a meal, only to find the terribly scary Gruffalo was real, and to stop being eaten by him, he walked back through the wood to show the Gruffalo that everyone was scared of him, knowing they'd in fact be scared at the sight of a terribly scary monster behind him instead, not that the Gruffalo realised that. Cunning little mouse.'

'Kind of, but it didn't sound as fun the way you said it.'

The Doctor rolled his eyes. 'Maybe not, but it gives me an idea!'

An alarm clock suddenly rang and the Doctor realised his hour was up.

'Quick,' the Doctor said to the Little Gruffalo, 'hide under the console.'

The Little Gruffalo crouched under the console as the three holograms formed once more inside the TARDIS.

'You're back, then,' the Doctor sighed, his face serious. 'Rag, Tag and Bobtail. Well I suppose it's time. It's been an interesting life, all in all.' The Doctor started to walk around the console, flicking switches, powering down the TARDIS. 'I'm switching the shields off, but they'll take a few minutes to fully power down. It will give you time to prepare too, I suppose.' There was a small glint in the Doctor's eye as he glanced towards the Little Gruffalo.

'This is how it ends, Doctor,' the hologram of the Jarok jeered. 'We will forever be known as the ones

who slayed the interfering Time Lord.'

'It will certainly make for an interesting epitaph on your gravestones,' the Doctor agreed. 'When they are all finished with you, that is. Still, I'm sure that you've had an interesting life too. You know, when people try and remember what you were like.'

'Epitaph? What do you mean?'

'The Daleks, the Cybermen, the Sontarans,' the Doctor muttered, 'they all wanted to be the ones to finally finish me off, maybe after they've come after you they'll tell the other that they were the ones who killed me. Or maybe they will say they were the ones to finish off the 'Doctor-slayers'.'

Hinju started to squirm.

'Or maybe it will be the Time Lords? They can't allow any old Tom, Dick and Harry to destroy one of their number, one of their TARDISes? Better to erase the whole event from the timelines. They cover up their embarrassments, don't you know? Well, I do say cover up, but it's more like a complete erasure from the time stream.'

Jarok looked behind him to see that now both Honju and Solik were fidgeting nervously.

The Doctor flicked some more switches. 'Just a few more switches to go.' The Doctor glanced down to the Little Gruffalo.

'The fox and the owl are scared,' the Little Gruffalo laughed. 'Now for the snake.'

'Although if you are very unlucky, something even more terrifying might come for you. I've tried to outrun it, but, I've never been able to entirely shake it off my trail wherever I go to in all of time and space, in fact I rather thought it would be the one to finally get me. It will be so angry when it finds out it wasn't.' The Doctor flicked one last switch. 'Very angry indeed. I'm glad I won't be around when it arrives.'

'What terrifying creature?' Jarok asked.

'The Gruffalo,' the Doctor said, fear etched onto his face, his voice suddenly deeper. 'A terrible entity.'

'The Gruffalo? What's a Gruffalo?' Jarok asked.

'Why, didn't you know?' the Doctor asked. 'He has terrible tusks, and terrible claws, and terrible teeth in his terrible jaws; he has knobbly knees, and turned out toes, and a poisonous wart at the end of his nose; his eyes are orange, his tongue is black, he has purple prickles all over his back.' The TARDIS time gears above them grinded to a halt. 'The TARDIS defences are down, Jarok. Here I am.'

'Daleks, Cybermen, Sontarans,' Honja whispered.

'Probably on their way now,' the Doctor supposed. 'With the TARDIS defences down, anyone can now find it.'

'The Time Lords,' Solik added, his voice quivering. 'Erased from time!'

'Sour old bunch. Probably

soaring through the vortex as we speak.'

'The... Gruffalo,' Jarok wondered.

The Doctor checked his watch. 'Sixteen days, four hours and thirteen minutes. That's the longest I've ever outrun him by before; I'm surprised he hasn't caught up with us already.'

'Stay away from us, Doctor. Speak no more of us or of our conflict,' Jarok warned, his voice quivering.

The three holograms faded away. The Doctor checked the TARDIS console – his ship was still badly damaged, but there was no sign of the Tech-Brotherhood of Aethe's spacecraft anymore.

The Little Gruffalo stood up and high-fived the Doctor.

'Cunning little mouse,' they both said in unison.

The Gruffalo looked at the wardrobe doors that he had just closed behind him. He waited a moment or two before opening the doors again. His clothes were back, the magical world he had just stepped into, the Doctor's world, had gone. He sat down on his bed and turned the bedside lamp on, picking up his favourite book to read.

The Doctor stood near the console with a book in his hands. He closed it just as he finished it, turning it over to look at its cover.

'The Gruffalo,' the Doctor read out aloud, 'by Julia Donaldson and Axel Scheffler.'

He placed the book to one side and smiled. The Doctor walked back towards the console, ready for a new adventure. Just for a moment he thought he heard a sound. He looked behind him to find that nothing was there.

'There's no such thing as a Gruffalo,' the Doctor said as he returned his gaze to the console and the controls that would take him out into time and space... and imagination.

DOCTOR WHO

THE BRAXIATEL COLLECTION

ARRIVAL IN PRAGUE

FENRIC'S CHAMPION

"I WAITED FOR YOU"

THE WAR MACHINE

IMPOSSIBLE GIRL

BEST FRIEND

SURROUNDED

UNGODLY STORM

BBC TV PRESENTS
DOCTOR WHO
THRILLS! ADVENTURE!
DEVILS FROM THE DEEP!
VAMPIRIC VIXENS!
PRIMAL HORROR!
TERRIFYING TALES of MONSTERS and HEROES across TIME and SPACE
MUMMIFIED APPARITIONS!
ANCIENT CURSED WARRIORS!
UNITED ARTISTS
SUNDAY MONSTER MATINEE!!
THE THEATRE AT ACE HOTEL
OCTOBER 11 2015 1:00 PM
FAINT CHECK
IN CASE YOU PASS OUT BEFORE SEEING A COMPLETE PERFORMANCE OF THIS HORROR SCREEN SHOW, THIS CHECK ENTITLES YOU TO RETURN. IF YOU REPORT TO DOORMAN WHEN LEAVING!

THE ONLY WAY TO SAVE THE PLANET EARTH FROM TOTAL DESTRUCTION...
KILL THE MOON
STARRING
PETER CAPALDI
JENNA COLEMAN
WRITTEN BY PETER HARNESS
PRODUCED BY PETER BENNETT
EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS STEVEN MOFFAT
BRIAN MINCHIN

BEFORE THE TALONS OF WENG-CHIANG THERE WAS
MISTER SIN
26TH FEBRUARY 1977

RELATIVE DIMENSION

- Optical Illusions -

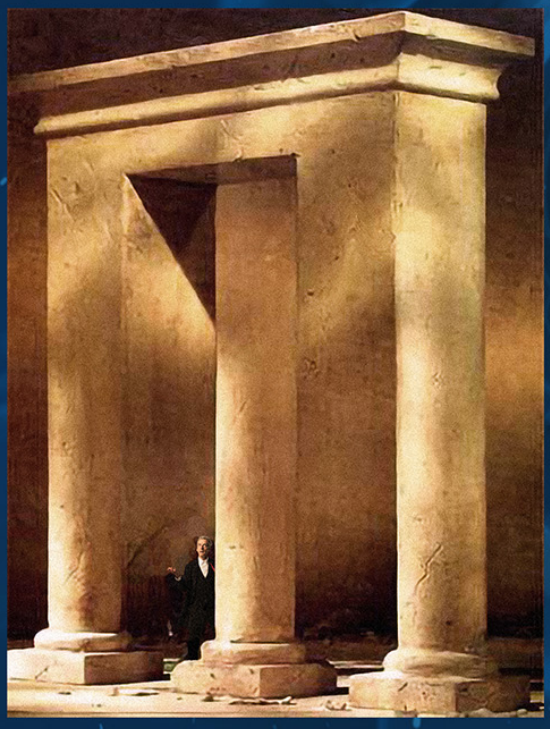
POLICE PUBLIC CALL BOX
POLICE PUBLIC CALL BOX

▲ Stare at the red dot for 20 - 30 seconds, then look at the white area to the right to see the colour inverted image.

◄ **FLATLINE** - the TARDISes look different sizes, due to the perspective of the background image, but are identical. This is known as the Ponzo Illusion.

The TARDIS resorts to 'seige mode' when it is under attack. This formation is a version of the Penrose Triangle, a formation of cubes that cannot possibly exist. ►

As the TARDIS travels through time and space, are the shapes in the vortex circles or spirals? Look at the image, then try to trace them with your finger. This is an adaption of the Frazer Spiral Illusion by James Fraser in 1908.

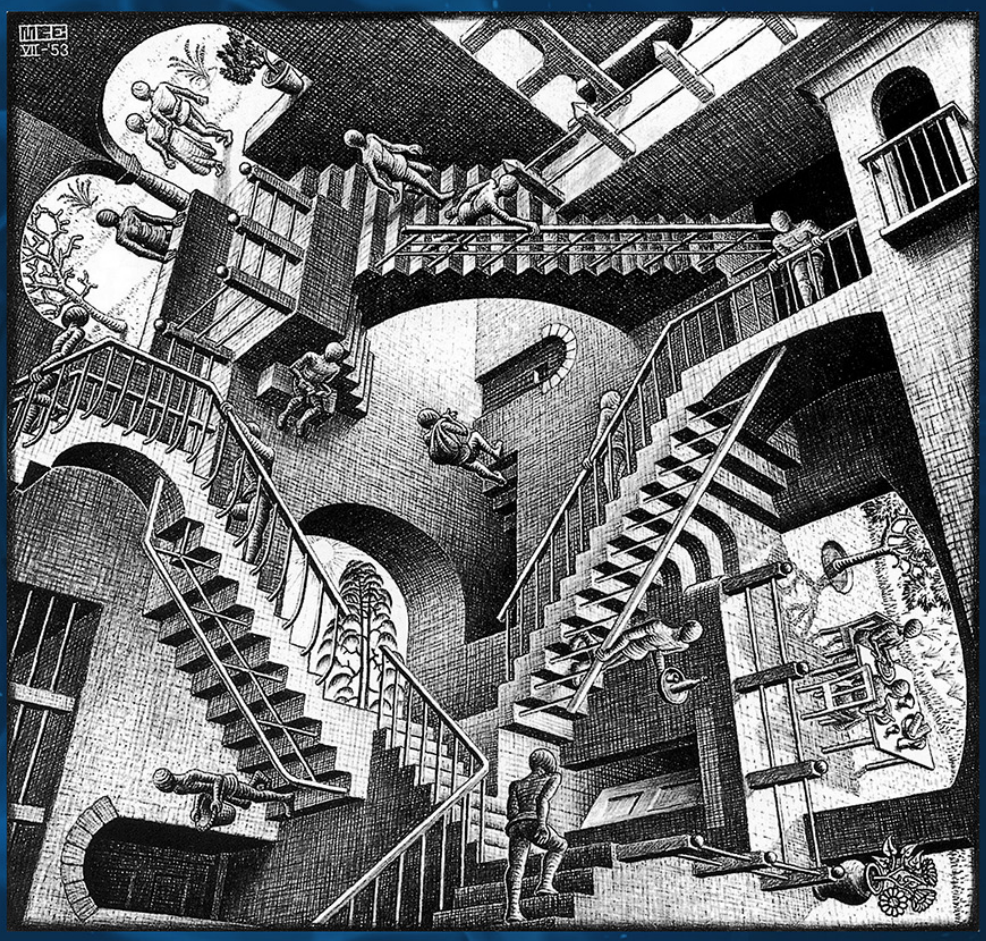


◀ The Doctor discovers an impossible object in Ancient Greece...

This illusion is based upon the 'blivet' or devil's fork.

Allow your gaze to move naturally over the concentric circles to see the pattner slither like the coils of a snake.

The planet Castrovalva, where the Fifth Doctor arrived just after his regeneration, was based on the art of MC Escher, particularly as the reality unravels at the end of the story.



Inside the TARDIS

'Clara? Clara?' the Doctor called out as he walked into the console room. 'I wonder where she's wandered off too now?'

There was no sign of his companion, though the Doctor was sure that she had been here just a few moments earlier. His attention was interrupted by a small blinking light on the console.

'Ah,' the Doctor muttered as he poked at the blinking light on the console.

Prague

'Creepy, isn't it?' Marie Devereaux commented as she examined the Angel statue. 'Why do you keep it here?'

'I've had it a long time,' Professor Swartz noted as he tapped the stone surface of the statue. I found it one day, just standing there in the woods at the bottom of my garden. I got a nasty shock when I first saw it, but yet I found myself drawn to it. It's a strange curiosity.'

'It's almost like it's alive – it's eyes follow you around the room.'

'In a strange way, I feel like it gives me some company when I'm working here after hours, like there's someone else in the room.'

'I wonder if maybe I should get you a dog instead, Jeremy,' Marie laughed. Better company than a rotten old statue.'

'Hey!' the man shouted. 'You can't park that thing there.'

The Doctor spun around to see a parking attendant pointing towards the TARDIS. He pointed to the man's ears. 'I wondered where the steam was coming from.'

'This area is designed for VIPs only.'

'Oh, well, in that case I'm definitely parked in the right place. I really am very important.' The Doctor held up his psychic paper. 'See?'

POLICE PUBLIC CALL BOX
POLICE PUBLIC CALL BOX
POLICE TELEPHONE
FREE
FOR USE OF
PUBLIC
ADVICE & ASSISTANCE
OBTAINABLE IMMEDIATELY
OFFICER & CARS
RESPOND TO ALL CALLS
PULL TO OPEN

‘What is that thing anyway? I will need to serve you with the correct penalty notice. Now, tell me, what it is.’

‘It’s obvious,’ the Doctor replied. ‘Isn’t it?’

‘What?’

‘Well, it’s a police box. Look.’ The Doctor pointed to the sign box above the TARDIS doors. ‘Police. So you can’t give me a ticket.’

‘You don’t look like a policeman!’

‘Plain clothes,’ the Doctor smiled as he walked off. ‘Hoodie division.’

Professor Swartz placed a small piece of paper on the table and scribbled the number ‘6’ on it. Marie held a small electronic device next to it.

‘Are you ready, Marie?’ Swartz asked.

‘Ready!’ Marie confirmed.

Swartz entered a small booth that was embedded in some rather complex machinery. Marie looked at the paper, waiting for something to happen. For a moment, her eyes caught the Angel, but her attention was drawn back towards the paper on the table as her equipment bleeped repetitively.

‘Has anything changed?’ Swartz shouted.

‘No,’ Marie replied back. ‘It’s still showing the number 4.’

Marie turned to see the Angel again and gasped. It seemed to have moved, she was sure it was a little bit closer to her, but surely that was her mind playing tricks on her.

‘It’s a statue,’ she whispered under her breath, ‘a Weeping Angel.’ She could feel a cold shiver run up her spine, but she tried to calm herself. Don’t worry, it’s perfectly harmless, or at least it is now, she thought to herself.

Swartz walked over towards her and looked at the equipment.

‘So, Marie. You remember that I wrote the number 4, and the number on the paper is indeed 4 – or at least it is now.’

The Doctor walked along Charles Bridge that led across the Vltava River and into the centre of Prague. The view across the river towards the city was one of the most beautiful scenes in the Universe – any universe – the Doctor thought. Even in the 32nd Century much of the classical architecture was still in place, or at least restored to appear as such, and it was only really in the middle distance above the rooftops that signs of modern construction could really be seen to any great extent, and even they were almost entirely shrouded by the vast holo-screens that the Prague Conservation Tourism Board had insisted should be present.

Still, the Doctor thought, it was the perfect place for a relaxing stroll.

The Doctor walked over to a small ice cream booth and ordered a candy floss.

'I'm going to enjoy this!' the Doctor grinned with anticipation, his eyes twinkling under heavy, wiry eyebrows.

The reptilian ice cream seller smiled back and wished the Doctor a good day. The Doctor sat down on one of the Bridge walls to enjoy his candy floss.

The Doctor noticed a statue on the bridge wall opposite him. 'What are you doing there?' he asked it, drawing frowns from nearby tourists.

There was a statue that stood on a column that was built onto one side of the bridge, and although it looked like it had stood there for centuries the Doctor realised that it can't have been there for long. He passed his candy floss to an old lady for safekeeping whilst he walked up towards the statue, climbed up it and touched the hands that were held just below its face.

'You'll never not be seen, not here. Get used to just standing there,' the Doctor muttered as he examined it. It was dormant, quantum locked. Good, he thought. The Doctor climbed back down and with a charming smile retrieved his

candy floss from the old lady. Still staring at the statue, he lifted the candy floss to his mouth and took a large bite – of chocolate ice cream.

'Eureka!' Swartz screamed with delight. 'I believe we have collapsed two quantum realities into one. It's as if the over-written reality never existed. The number I wrote originally would have been something other than the number 4. Only a small, minute change between one universe and another, but a change did occur.'

'Are you sure. Jeremy? The Quantum Analyser is showing quite a marked difference.'

He smiled towards Marie. 'Yes, I'm sure it was a small, isolated change,' he added, reassuring himself that his words were correct.

'Maybe we should double-check,' Marie advised gently.

As Jeremy returned to his calculations, the Weeping Angel observed in silence.

The Doctor had returned to his TARDIS momentarily to retrieve some equipment that he had hurriedly lashed together. To the amusement of some passers-by, the Doctor placed his half-melted ice cream in front of it and switched on the machine. The ice cream shimmered and turned back into candy floss, although it was still half melted.

'That's not good,' the Doctor muttered.

'Have you finished your calculations, Jeremy? You were checking the quantum shift, not calculating the size of the Universe.' Marie laughed at her witty comment.

Swartz smiled. 'The size of the Universe.' Marie laughed at her witty comment.

Swartz smiled. 'The size of the Universe? Oh yes, I did work it out once, but the size of the Universe measures differently each time you try to calculate it.'

'I was joking,' Marie smiled. 'Well? What did you find out?'

'Hmmm, I think you were correct, Marie. There were rather more quantum changes than I was hoping for. I wonder what else could have changed?'

The Doctor followed the signal that his equipment had detected, pointing it at anything and everything that he could. He was getting close to the source.

'12 metres, 23 centimetres and 4 millimetres, rounded up of course,' the Doctor said as he pointed the equipment towards a nearby building. 'That's the source of the disruptions.'

There wasn't an obvious entrance, but a small alleyway seemed to snake down one side and around the back.'

'That's strange,' the Doctor said as he walked down the alleyway. A Weeping Angel statue stood at the point where the alleyway curved, about ten metres away. It blocked a doorway about the same size as the Angel statue. He needed to find a way past it.

The Doctor's thoughts were interrupted by the sound of a tin can rattling behind him. He turned around to look...

'This room seems to be the same as it was earlier,' Marie noted. 'Even your guardian angel is here.'

'The last thing you can rely on is your own perceptions, Marie. We are existing in this place, in this reality, and it might appear to have been unchanged, but it's

still different from the one we were in just minutes ago. Do you remember anything different before you took your last readings?'

'No.'

'That's because when the realities collapsed, we were overwritten too,' Swartz replied.

Marie met his words with a confused look.

'I did wonder if you or I could perceive the changes, but it seems we can't.'

'And that is bad, yes?'

'No, Marie. That's good. That's the best news I was hoping for.'

The Doctor picked up the tin can and turned back towards the Angel. In that brief moment it had moved at least halfway down the alleyway towards him.

'Hello?' the Doctor said to the statue. 'Are you following me? You could just have asked me. There's a wonderful little restaurant just three streets away. You don't need to be so stony faced about it all.'

The Angel was perfectly still, but a fearsome visage had replaced the serene look it had earlier.

'A statue that moves as soon as you turn away... It sounds familiar somehow, but I can't seem to remember. Something ancient, something as old as the Universe.' The Doctor rubbed his eyes for a second as he struggled with a sudden headache. He looked up to see the angel closer again. 'One moment I can remember you, the next I can't. It keeps changing, I must concentrate.'

The Doctor pointed his scanning equipment towards the Weeping Angel.

'Someone is collapsing realities in subtle ways, the size of the quantum shifts seem marginal now, but if I don't stop whoever is doing this soon then everything will keep on collapsing, and I sense that you know that.'

The Angel's face seemed defiant against the Doctor's words.

'I wonder if that is what you want? Everything collapsing until only one quantum reality exists?'

The Doctor pulled a mirror out of his pocket and held it in front of his eyes. Reflected in the mirror was an image of another Weeping Angel behind him.

'Two of you, at least,' the Doctor said, fixing one eye on the Angel in front, and the other on the image in the mirror. He shifted his position slightly until he had both Angels comfortably in view. He pulled his yo-yo out of his pocket and proceeded to throw it down and loop it back up several times, as his eyes shot from one wall to the other, feeling the string of the yo-yo jump ever so slightly as quantum realities changed subtly.

The Doctor moved his back along the wall as the Angels were held by his gaze taking slow, careful steps. He continued looking from one to the other as he slowly edged away, scrutinising them closely, looking for the almost imperceptible movements. The Doctor paused as he felt the bricks behind him change to the wooden surface of a door. Swapping his yo-yo for his sonic screwdriver, the Doctor let himself in.

'Ah, so this is the source of the quantum experiments,' the Doctor announced with a satisfied smile.

'How did you get in here?' Swartz asked him. 'We have a high security trionic lock.'

'Yes,' the Doctor replied in a matter-of-fact way. 'I found that out when I picked it.'

'You picked it? But that's impossible – it should take weeks.'

'Well, it did delay me a couple of seconds, though I did have my back to it. Now, this is all very interesting. You have been collapsing quantum realities, haven't you? I really wished you hadn't.'

Professor Swartz was lost for words.

'I'm Marie Devereaux, and this is Professor Jeremy Swartz. We were trying to see what happens when you collapse one reality into another.'

'Do you remember what happened, Jeremy?' the Doctor asked.

'No, I can't. We were aiming to make simple, small changes at first, and see if we could detect them with our equipment.'

'Small changes?' the Doctor echoed. 'What happened in the experiment had knock-on effects to everything else in the Universe. Everything that used to exist was then overwritten, including everything outside of these walls.'

'What do you mean?' Marie asked.

'Well, you collapsed one quantum reality into this one – it wasn't just a localised effect, you can't partially

collapse realities.'

'We don't have the power to make such widespread changes,' Marie replied.

'No,' the Doctor said as he walked up to the Angel statue in the laboratory, 'but I wonder if they do. They are called 'Weeping Angels'. I'd almost forgotten the legends about them.' The Doctor turned around to see Jeremy. 'You seem very quiet, Jeremy. Do you know they are involving themselves in all of this?'

'The Angel seems to help me, somehow in my mind.'

'Jeremy?' Marie asked, concerned, but struggling to understand.

'That statue is alive, part of an ancient race that exist as multi-quantum lifeforms until they are observed, at which point they become quantum locked. Waveform collapse in stone form. Though that's not the worrying part.'

'What else is there?' Marie asked.

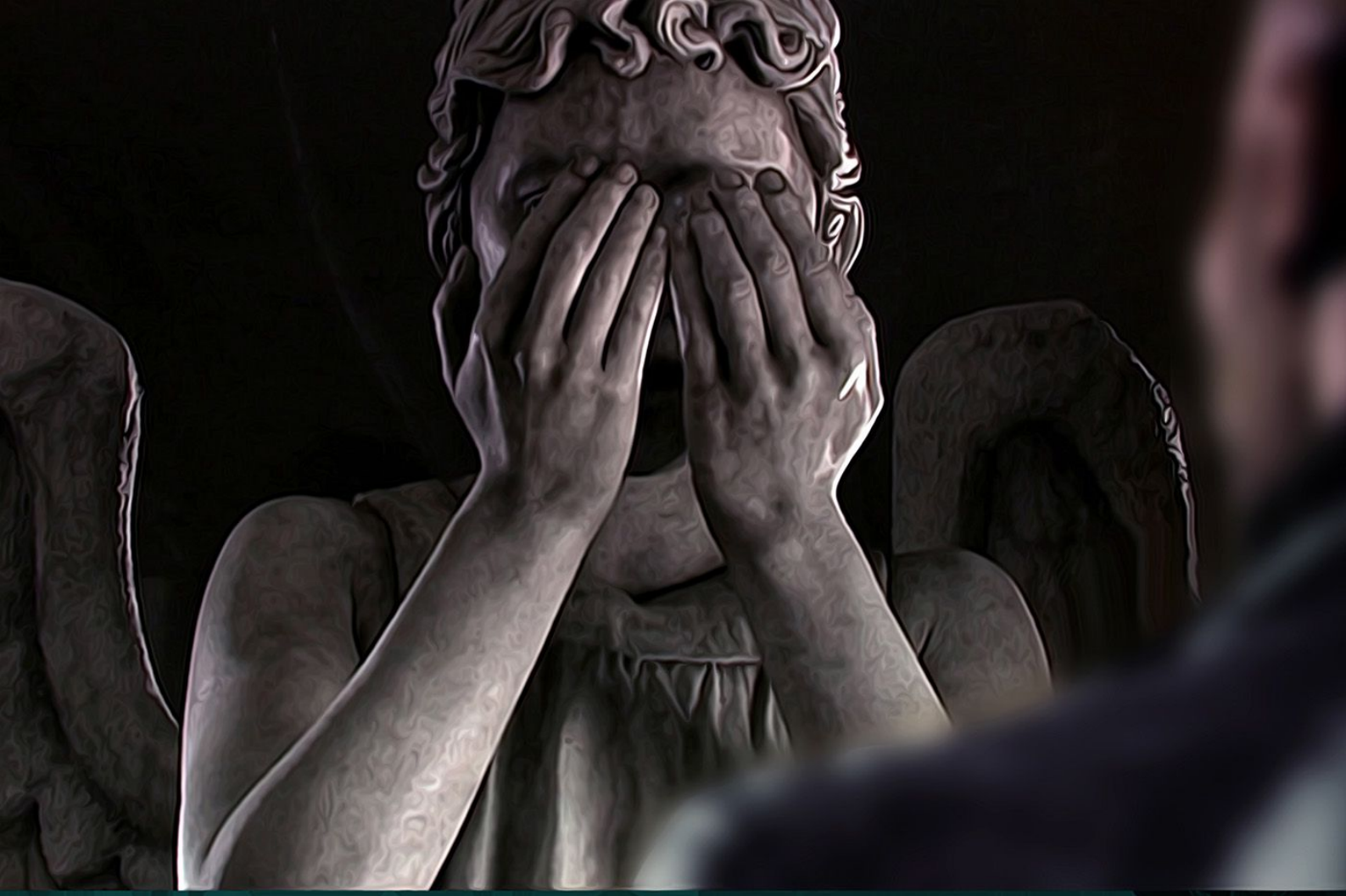
'They need to feed, and they do so by sending you back in your own timeline, trapped in the past. Usually physically in the past, but sometimes mentally too.'

'Why are you doing this, Jeremy?' Marie cried, but Swartz was pre-occupied with his equipment.

'I suppose that he has a very good reason,' the Doctor said. 'Isn't that right, Jeremy?'

'A very simple reason, Doctor,' Swartz answered. 'When you have lost the most precious thing in the world there really isn't anything else that can replace it.'

The Doctor walked up to Marie, pulling her back with him slowly, as he looked over to the Weeping Angel statue again. The lighting in the room suddenly started to flicker, and the shutters on the windows spontaneously and violently slammed shut. With each flicker of darkness the Weeping Angel statue, its face now skeletal, edged closer to the Doctor and Marie. The Doctor held up his quantum analyser again and pointed it towards the Angel. The lights flickered



and the device was suddenly in the Angel's hand, broken.

'And all you feel is cold inside,' Swartz finished.

'Can't you see what's happening?' the Doctor warned. 'Not only has your experiment brought forth the Weeping Angels, but you've triggered the collapse of the multiverse!'

The Doctor fumbled in his pocket and pulled out a pack of playing cards. The lights flickered off again, this time for slightly longer, and the Weeping Angel was almost upon them.

'Quick, out here!' the Doctor said to Marie as they both backed through a doorway.

The Doctor looked around the room for something to barricade the door, before settling on a large trunk and asking Marie to help him move it.

'Will a trunk stop a multi-quantum moving stone statue?' Marie asked.

'Well, we are running a bit short of ideas,' the Doctor sighed. 'Unless you have any?'

'Do you think that it will hold?' Marie asked, but the Doctor was no longer standing next to her and was now sitting on the floor with a pack of playing cards, playing a game of patience.

'What are you doing playing cards at a time like this?'

'Jeremy will be quite alright,' the Doctor reassured her. 'I don't think that the Angel wants his experiment to succeed – the Angels are multi-quantum lifeforms, and as each reality collapses into each other there are fewer quantum states they can choose to occupy. If everything collapses into a single quantum state, we would continue in just one reality, but the Angels would be permanently stone.'

The Doctor had set out his cards now

and commented that there were only 48 – aces, numbers 2 to 9, jacks, queens and kings. 'No 10s in this quantum reality.'

'There never were,' Marie commented.

'Of course, you aren't aware of the time line changes. Luckily, I am.' The Doctor started to shuffle the cards again and set them out on the floor. 'Years ago,' the Doctor said, 'your people, humans, thought the world was flat and that its Sun travelled in the sky. Then they realised the Earth was round and that it was the one travelling through the skies.'

'Yes, yes, I know all of this,' Marie said, exasperated.

The Doctor looked at the four of hearts in his hand and found that he couldn't play it. He checked the pack to see that there was no five of hearts card, it wasn't part of the deck now that more realities were collapsing into each other.

'That's that, then,' the Doctor sighed, 'no more moves, although I've never tried playing patience whilst the multiverse is collapsing. But it is a way of keeping track of the changes, I suppose, since the Angel destroyed my more sophisticated version.'

'Do you think Jeremy's experiments were influenced by the Angel?

'Yes. I'm remembering more about the legends of the Weeping Angels. I keep on forgettin g them, as if the me I am never faced them before until another reality collapses and I remember them again. It's amazing how impending oblivion focuses the mind, isn't it? My people were said to have cursed the Angels to live a fragmented existence across multiple realities – for every victory they achieved they would also have to experience every defeat. Whatever they tried to do they would achieve, and have to deal with, every outcome regardless – there was no way they could ever progress, instead they could only exist by scavenging temporal energy, changing other people's timelines. Of course! These experiments offered them the chance to control different quantum realities, to be able to collapse the realities they didn't want into ones they did.'

The Doctor was struggling with his card game now, but continued playing and monitoring the shift in the deck.

'When your people realised that there were lots of Earths, all with a different quantum signature, existing in parallel, each possible outcome of a decision existing in its own Universe, they realised that events no longer created only one outcome – the next inevitable step would be choosing the desired outcomes, no such thing as luck and chance, no such thing as mistakes or learning from them. Idiots.'

The Doctor suddenly stood up, waving his playing card aloft. 'But what happens if you don't like the outcome you have?' He held the playing card up and swapped it with another – the six of diamonds. The Doctor placed the card down on the floor, now able to continue his game. 'The next card would always be just the one you needed.'

'How does this relate to Jeremy? He's not some power-mad despot scientist.'

'What would he change, if he could?' the Doctor asked.

Marie suddenly realised why Jeremy was keen on changing reality. 'Jeremy lost his wife about three years ago, just before I met him. I don't suppose he thinks that in one reality she somehow survived?'

'Yes, I'm certain he does, but the

situation escalated too quickly.'

Suddenly there was a loud thud at the door and the lights went out.

Swartz looked at the Angels that had gathered in his laboratory.

'There's no such thing as destiny,' he said, looking at the motionless statues. 'Just choices that people make. The Doctor seems to know you – he says that just exist across multiple universes. When I heard you talking to me, in my mind, for a while I thought your voice was hers, urging me on.'

Swartz touched one of the Angels.

'But if those words weren't hers, if those words were only ever yours, if the Doctor is correct... What is it that you want from me?'

In the flickering light of a lit match, the Doctor and Marie could see a Weeping Angel. Marie gasped.

'What happens if the match goes out?' Marie asked.

'Then the Angel will be able to move,' the Doctor replied. The match started to flicker.

'There's another way out of here,' Marie said, pointing behind her.

The Doctor looked behind himself after checking that Marie had the Angel in her sight. Another Angel was standing in the other doorway.

'Not now, there isn't,' the Doctor replied.

The match continued to flicker.

'I can help you!' the Doctor shouted to the Angels. 'You know that the multiverse is collapsing, and it will keep on happening until there's just one left, and even that is going to end up collapsing too.'

The match stopped flickering, burning steadily again, and the Doctor realised

that the Angels were listening to him.

'But there is one small problem – Professor Swartz doesn't know how rapidly the collapse is occurring.' The Doctor circled the Angels as he pressed home his momentary advantage, staring at the closest Weeping Angel knowing that the other was fixed under the gaze of Marie. 'That collapse would make a multi-quantum lifeform utterly extinct.'

'Schrodinger's cat,' Marie realised.

'Yes,' the Doctor smiled. 'When an Angel is not observed it exists in different quantum states, just like that cat-in-the-box, but in a single quantum universe it is permanently quantum locked. It would forever be only a statue.'

The match flickered out for a second, and Marie gasped, grabbing tight hold of the Doctor, but seconds later the match reignited to show that the Angels had moved to either side of the door leading back into the laboratory, the chest that had blocked it was shattered, lying in pieces on the floor.

'Mister Mephistopheles' Everlasting Matches,' the Doctor grinned. I think the Angels have decided to listen to us.'

Marie sighed. 'At least we can blink now.'

Swartz was adjusting some dials on the main section of his equipment.

'You know why the Angels are interested in your experiments, don't you?' the Doctor said. 'It's not because they want to help you. They only have one goal, and that is to help themselves, although they didn't realise that everything would spiral so rapidly out of control.'

'Your experiments will destroy reality, Jeremy,' Marie pleaded. 'You have to stop before there's nothing left.'

'Do you trust what the Doctor says?' Swartz asked. 'What happened to Louisa... She should never have died. This is my only chance of getting her back.'

'It's not as simple as that, even the Angels know that.' the Doctor replied. 'You can't control the effects - for every outcome you choose there are others you can't predict.' The lights flickered on and off, with the Angels suddenly appearing either side of the Doctor.

'I don't think they like what you are saying, Doctor,' Marie said. 'They know that they'll have to trust me.'

The Doctor looked at one of the Angels. 'You did bring us back here to stop the collapse, but we need Jeremy's help.'

'What if I don't?' Swartz asked. 'You are at the centre of the collapse, Jeremy,' Marie explained. 'You tried to find a way to change things so that she never died, didn't you? I only wish you had told me what the he experiments were really about.'

'So you could make me choose differently?'

'Not to choose, Jeremy, but to stop you from creating a new quantum reality for personal reasons. Where would it stop? What else would you want to change?'

'Scientific progress is born from the need to overcome human limitations.'

'Well that is true at least,' the Doctor interjected, 'but your progress offered more than benefits to humanity.' He paused for a second and looked at the Angel statue. 'Your experiments brought the attention of the Angel – it somehow helped things to progress, and I think that it now wished it hadn't.'

'The Doctor might be able to help us, Jeremy. Listen to him,' Marie pleaded.

‘You can reverse the collapse, can you?’

‘Only if you will agree to help me. It’s a simple solution really. The Angel is capable of sending you back in your own timeline to stop your experiment ever taking place.’

‘But it will mean saying goodbye to the chance of seeing Louisa again,’

Marie added sympathetically. ‘I’m sorry, Jeremy, but she wouldn’t have wanted this to happen.’

‘And all I need to do is to stop the first experiment? The first collapse?’ Jeremy asked.

‘It sounds simple, doesn’t it,’ the Doctor spoke sympathetically. ‘Except you can’t meet your earlier self – such things are strictly forbidden, unless you are me. It would create a temporal paradox if two versions of one person should meet. We have enough of a problem with collapsing realities without collapsing time too.’

The lights temporarily flickered and the Angels were now standing by the side of Swartz. ‘I think they are finished with listening to us talking,’ Marie warned the others.

‘When the lights flicker again the Angel won’t then be quantum locked. It can reach you and send you back in time.’

‘Then why hasn’t it?’ Jeremy asked.

‘It might not be sure if you will stop all of this from happening,’ the Doctor explained. ‘Just remember – you can’t meet yourself.’

The lights flickered again and the Angels had surrounded Marie – holding her head in their stone hands.

‘Leave her alone!’ the Doctor protested. The lights flickered again, and this time the Doctor’s head was held.

‘Now, Jeremy! Now!’

‘Give me a moment whilst I prepare myself,’ Swartz said as he composed himself. ‘OK, everything depends on this.’

Swartz lurched forward and twisted some dials on his equipment. The room shuddered as reality shifted rapidly. The Angels were shifting around the room as they struggled to find the correct quantum reality to lock onto.

‘You’ve accelerated the collapse!’ the Doctor said.

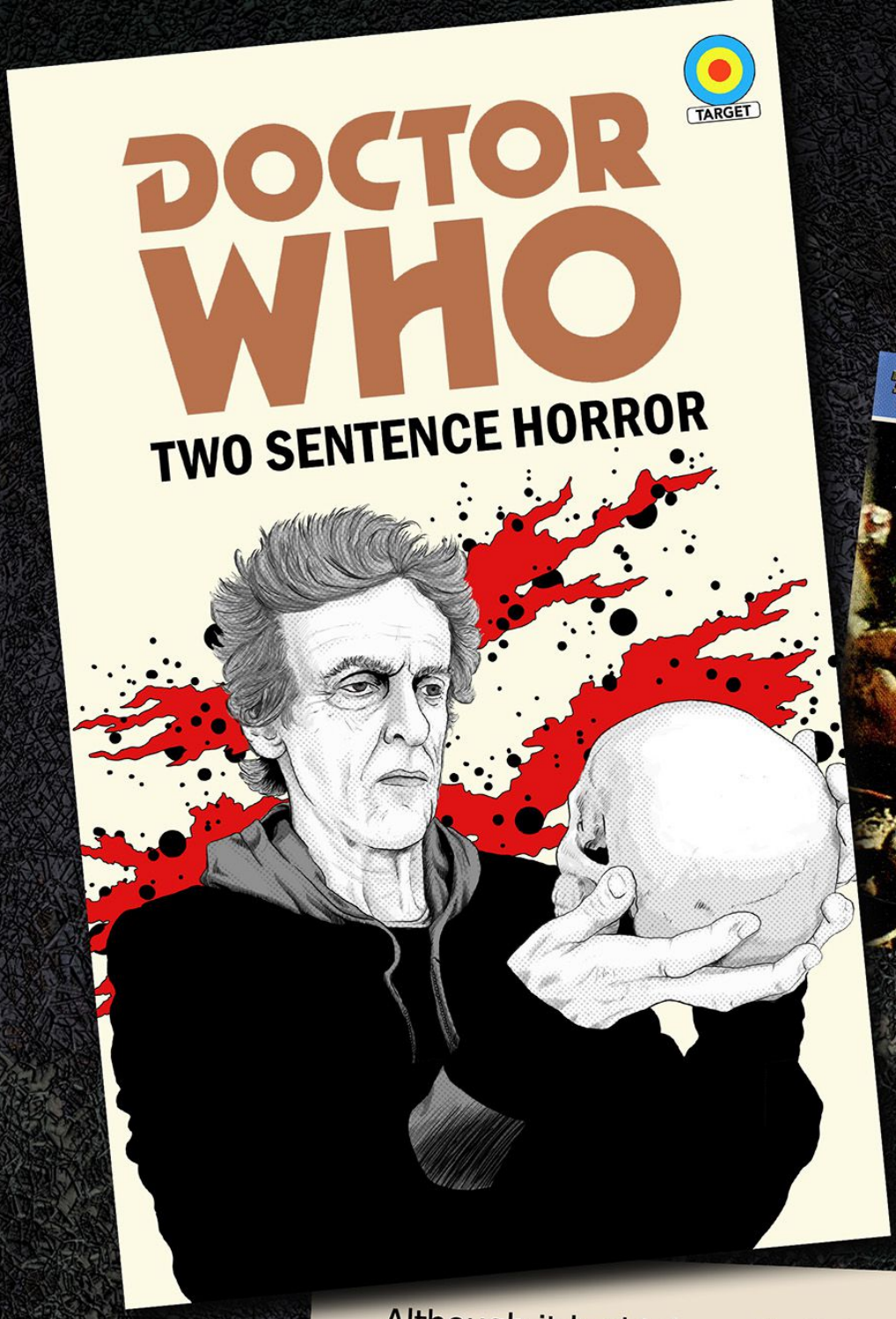
‘They have one chance, Doctor. One chance to stop all this – send me back to stop her from dying.’

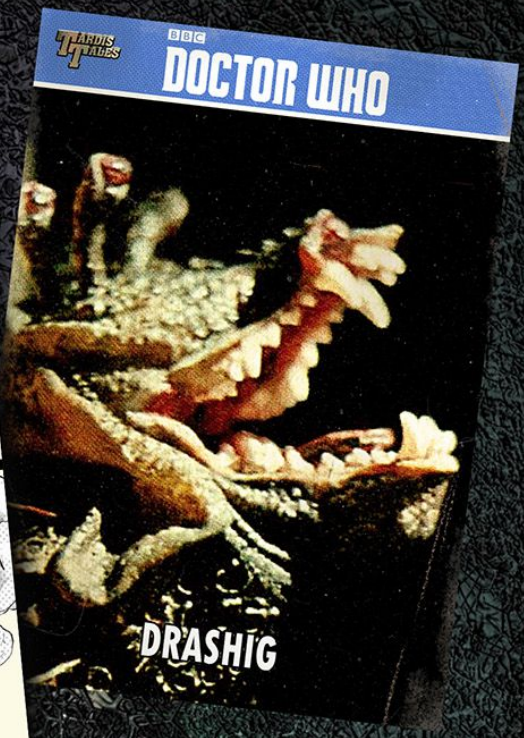
‘That’s not how it works!’ the Doctor warned. ‘Oh no! There’s only going to be one chance left!’

The Doctor could see that Swartz had his back to the Weeping Angel that stood behind him. Reality was collapsing too fast now, and there was a chance that the collapse could be contained, but the Doctor needed to stop Swartz making the situation any worse. He grabbed hold of his TARDIS key and turned towards Marie. If the Doctor and Marie could no longer see the Angels even for a moment, then the Angels could try and send him back in time. But if that didn’t work, the Doctor would only have one last chance...

‘Get ready to blink.’

TO BE CONTINUED





Although it had taken all of their ammunition, the hunting party cheered as the Drashig finally died.

Too late, they realised the creature's mother had witnessed the whole thing.

-

The soldiers burst into my house, grasping their rifles as they surrounded me.

'You'll need this gun,' one of them said, 'because the Cybermen are almost here.'

-

...he explained last time, we were stuck in a time loop.

Which really scared me because that's what...

-

The scientists congratulated themselves after the first of the chosen ones was cryogenically frozen and stored on Nerva Beacon.

He had no way of letting them know that he was still conscious...

-

Nearing the collapse of our ecosystem, we gave the emojibots a command to clear up every last particle of pollution they could find...

...we couldn't predict they would kill us just to sieve the pollutants in our blood...

The new mannequins had been delivered to the shop ready for the new display, still cocooned in bubble wrap...

...then the popping started...

-

Being one of the first human explorers to land on Mars has its perks.

Being the only one left behind isn't one...

-

There was a desperate knocking at the door...

Should I open the cupboard?

Sitting at the dinner table, starving and ready to eat, I smiled at my father, my mother, and Chris, my brother...

They hadn't yet realised I was a Zygon.

-

All my life I was afraid of dying in an atomic war...

The wastelands and the mutos made me realise what I really should have feared instead...

-

The bird flew gracefully through the air, as silent as it was beautiful.

But in a moment, another soul would be taken by the raven.

-

My colleague came to see me in the UNIT astronomy lab to ask me the name of the planet I'd just discovered...

"Earth," I replied, as I peeled the human skin from my face and opened my jaws wide...

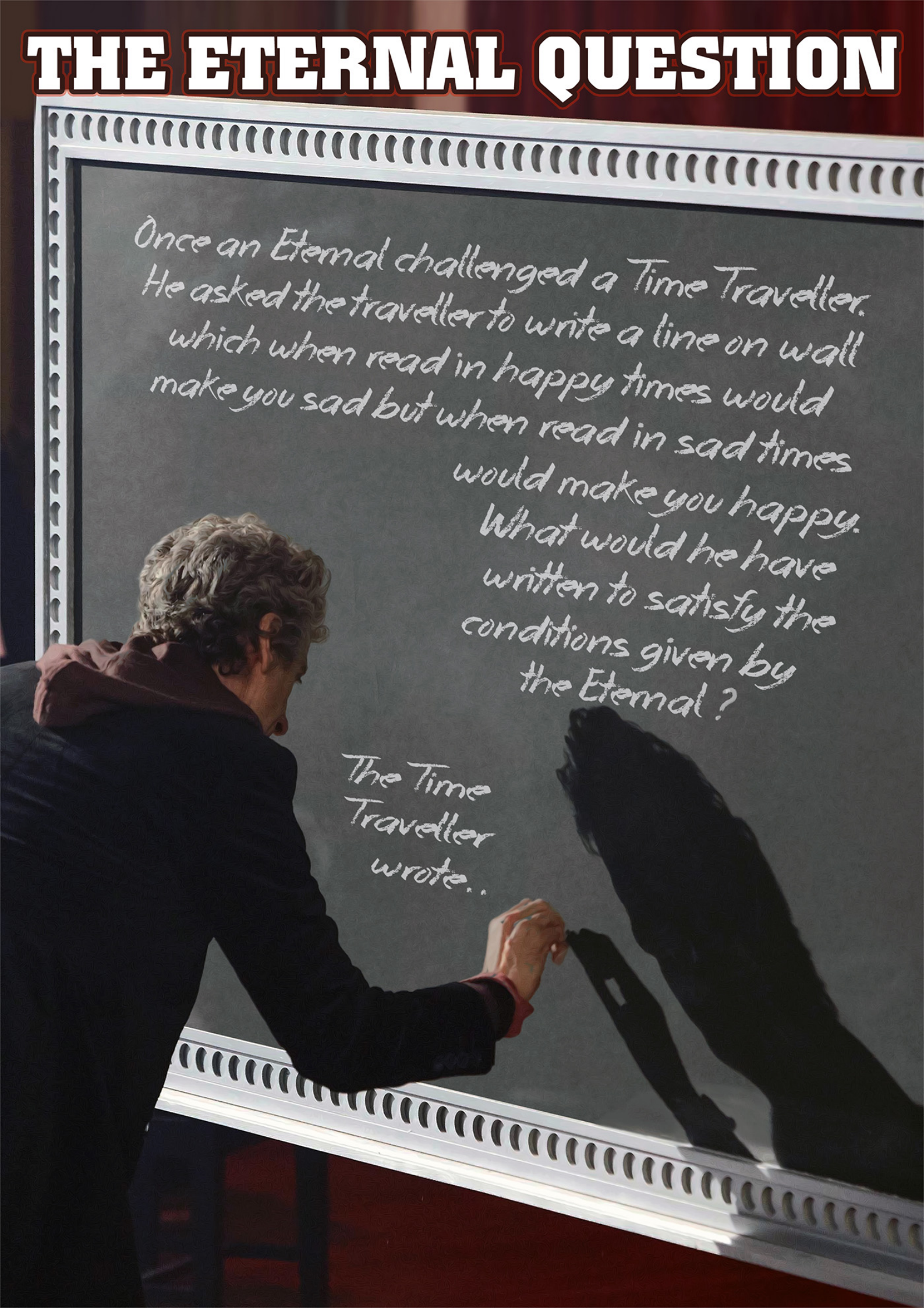
-

He was a person who had lost count of how many he had killed, and now he stood blocking the door in front of me.

He was my only chance against the monsters on the outside.

-

THE ETERNAL QUESTION


Once an Eternal challenged a Time Traveller.
He asked the traveller to write a line on wall
which when read in happy times would
make you sad but when read in sad times
would make you happy.
What would he have
written to satisfy the
conditions given by
the Eternal ?
The Time
Traveller
wrote..

COLLAPSE

PART TWO

Inside the TARDIS

'Creepy, isn't it?' Professor Swartz noted as he tapped the stone surface of the statue. 'It's like its eyes follow you around the room. I wonder what it is?'

'It's obvious,' the Doctor replied. 'Isn't it?'

'What?'

'It's a statue. A Weeping Angel. Don't worry, it's perfectly harmless, or at least it is now.'

The Doctor walked over to the statue and touched the hands that were held just below its face, as if he was reassuring himself that his words were correct. 'Have you finished your calculations, Jeremy? You were calculating the size of the Universe.'

Swartz smiled. 'Oh yes, I did work it out. The Universe measures at 12 metres, 23 centimetres and 4 millimetres, rounded up of course.'

'That's about the same size of this room – the last existing place in reality. Do you remember your last readings?'

'No,' Swartz replied with a confused look. 'I can't seem to remember.'

'The Universe is collapsing in size now that only one quantum reality exists.'

The Doctor pulled his yo-yo out of his pocket and proceeded to throw it down and loop it back up several times, as his eyes shot from one wall to the other, scrutinising them closely, looking for the almost imperceptible movements. The Doctor paused.

'Do you remember what happened, Jeremy? What happened to everything in the Universe? Everything that used to exist outside of these walls?'

'What do you mean? What else is there?'

'I suppose that when you have lost the most precious thing in the world there really isn't anything else.' The Doctor walked up to the Weeping Angel statue again. 'And all you feel is cold inside.' The Doctor fumbled in his pocket and pulled out a pack of playing cards.

The Doctor was sitting on the floor with a pack of playing cards, playing a game of patience.

'Years ago,' the Doctor said, 'your people, humans, thought the world was flat and that its Sun travelled in the sky. Then they realised the Earth was round and that it was the one travelling through the skies.'

The Doctor looked at the four of hearts in his hand and found that he couldn't play it. 'Then, of course, they realised that there were lots of Earths, all with a different quantum signature, existing in parallel, each possible outcome of a decision existing in its own Universe.'

The Doctor suddenly stood up, waving

his playing card aloft. ‘But what happens if you don’t like the outcome you have?’

He held the playing card up and swapped it with another – the six of diamonds. The Doctor placed the card down on the floor, now able to continue his game.

‘There’s no such thing as multiple universes,’ Swartz replied.

‘Not now, there isn’t,’ the Doctor replied. ‘There’s just one left, and even that is collapsing. But there is one advantage – the Weeping Angel was a multi-quantum lifeform – in a single quantum universe it is permanently quantum locked.’ The Doctor grinned. ‘At least we can blink now.’

‘One reality left?’ Swartz asked. ‘What happened to the others?’

‘You did – you are at the centre of the collapse, Jeremy. You tried to choose a new quantum reality.’

The Doctor paused for a second and looked at the Angel statue.

‘Your experiments brought the attention of the Angel – it somehow helped things to progress, and I think that it might be able to help us reverse the collapse. The Angel is capable of sending you back in your own timeline to stop your experiment ever taking place. But it will mean saying goodbye to the chance of seeing Louisa again. I’m sorry, Jeremy. All I need to do is to create two realities temporarily. The Angel won’t then be quantum locked. Give me a moment whilst I prepare everything. Get ready to blink.’

COLLAPSE

The Residence of Professor Swartz, Prague.

Professor Swartz carried the lillies carefully to the bottom of the garden as if they were the most precious treasure in all the world. Just for the moment, to Swartz, they were. Lillies were her favourites, she always smiled when she saw them.

In the bright sunlight, as it poured through the gaps between the branches of the trees, he thought that he could see the shape of a bright blue box sitting slightly uncomfortably in its suroundings.

'What's that thing doing at the bottom of my garden, and who are you?' Swartz snapped as he saw the grey haired man standing close to him.

'What's it doing?' the man frowned. 'It's just sitting there, minding it's own business.' The man answered with a level of disbelief as if the question was something of an obtuse one.

Swartz let out a nervous laugh, and that seemed to relax him. It seemed to Swartz, at that moment, that this stranger was somewhat familiar, although he was certain that he had never met him.

'I'm the Doctor,' the thin, wiry man answered. 'That's my TARDIS. It's considerably better than the thing that was standing there just a moment ago.'

'Why? What was there?'

'A statue.'

'Just a statue?'

'Anything but "just" a statue,' he answered back, a little bit evasively. I've had it removed.'

'Do I know you?' Swartz asked the Doctor. 'I seem to know your face.'

'The sense of familiarity will pass in a few moments. The multiverse is unfolding, re-expanding.' The man made some shapes with his hands whilst he talked to illustrate the point. 'But it's not quite there yet.'

'The multiverse? Unfolding?'

'Yes,' the Doctor replied. 'I'm still waiting for someone impossible to appear. She'll re-exist sometime soon.'

Swartz just didn't have an answer, his mouth hung there, waiting for words that just wouldn't appear.

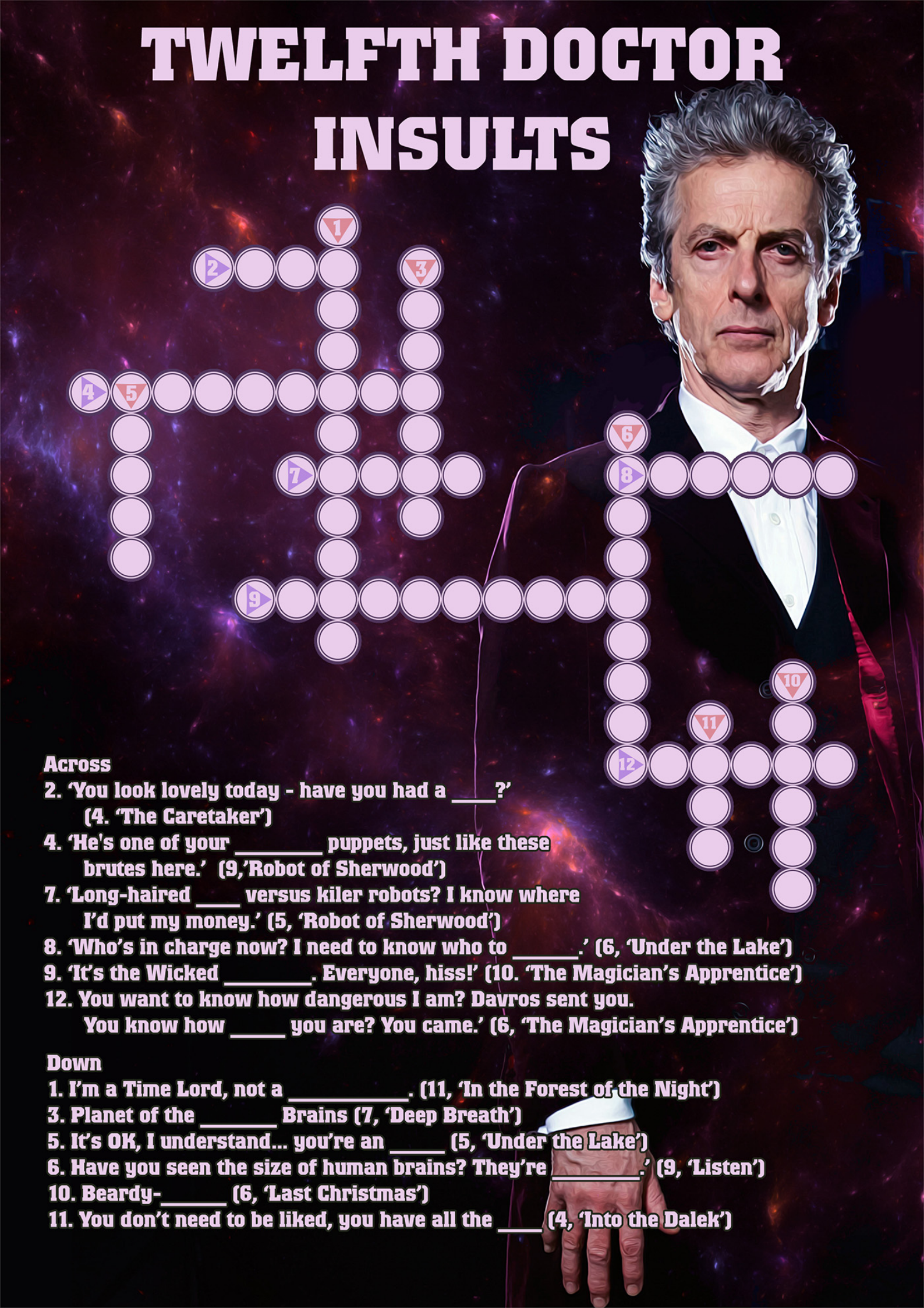
'Those flowers - who are they for?'

Swartz looked again at the lillies in his hands. 'My wife. She passed away three years ago.' His gaze dropped to the ground beneath him for a moment before he retured his gaze towards the Doctor. 'Sometimes I wish I could go back and change things, but you can't, can you.'

'No,' the Doctor agred with a sigh. 'Sometimes I wish I could go back and change things to. Sometimes I think the universe might, for once, allow it.'

The Doctor sat down on the ground and gestured towards the patch of grass next to him. Swartz was soon sitting next to the almost-stranger, watching the horizon together in silence as the sun came down, drawing another day to a close.

TWELFTH DOCTOR INSULTS



Across

2. 'You look lovely today - have you had a ____?' (4. 'The Caretaker')
4. 'He's one of your _____ puppets, just like these brutes here.' (9,'Robot of Sherwood')
7. 'Long-haired ____ versus kiler robots? I know where I'd put my money.' (5, 'Robot of Sherwood')
8. 'Who's in charge now? I need to know who to _____.' (6, 'Under the Lake')
9. 'It's the Wicked _____. Everyone, hiss!' (10. 'The Magician's Apprentice')
12. You want to know how dangerous I am? Davros sent you. You know how _____ you are? You came.' (6, 'The Magician's Apprentice')

Down

1. I'm a Time Lord, not a _____. (11, 'In the Forest of the Night')
3. Planet of the _____ Brains (7, 'Deep Breath')
5. It's OK, I understand... you're an _____ (5, 'Under the Lake')
6. Have you seen the size of human brains? They're _____.' (9, 'Listen')
10. Beardy-_____ (6, 'Last Christmas')
11. You don't need to be liked, you have all the ____ (4, 'Into the Dalek')

SUPERSTITION IS BORN OF
IGNORANCE AND FEAR AND
THRIVES THE MOST WHEN
REASON IS ASLEEP
POLICE TOY BOX

“Superstition is born of ignorance and fear, and thrives the most when reason is asleep.” — Zarathushtra

The old Ice Warrior mine,
Nabir 4 - 3516 A. D.

Shifty stood frozen, his breath forming small clouds of mist in the damp cavern. The narrow path behind him faded into obscurity, consumed by the oppressive darkness. The cold, wet walls dripped incessantly, the rhythmic drip of water from stalactites the only sound. Shifty’s torchlight wavered, revealing rusting remnants of old mining equipment, forgotten relics of a bygone era.

He had ventured deep into the abandoned mine, under orders to look for ‘anything’ useful. The space freighter he had been travelling in had been forced to land here, and the crew desperately needed parts and materials for repairs. But he couldn’t shake the unnerving feeling that something was watching him, stalking him, an unnatural presence. He moved his torchlight around the walls of the cavern.

‘Who’s there?’ Shifty’s voice cracked. ‘Show yourself!’

Only silence answered, broken by the relentless drip, drip, dripping. But Shifty knew something was watching him - he felt it.

Shifty stepped forward, boots scraping off the stony floor. He backed against one of the walls, his fingers brushed against a rusted pickaxe, its wooden handle worn smooth by generations of miners. He gripped it tightly, it could be a suitable weapon.

'Speak!' Shifty's shout echoed, swallowed by the abyss. 'What are you?'

He thought he saw something. In the very corner of his eye.

Abruptly, a piercing scream shattered the silence. Shifty felt his throat tighten and dry, and he dropped the torch onto the hard, wet cavern floor. The feeble light flickered, then died. Panic surged through him as he lunged down to grab the torch, hitting it frantically against his palm to encourage it to light up again. The darkness pressed in, suffocating him.

He braced himself against the wall, consciously trying to control his breathing. He needed to know what was in here with him. Composing himself, he ran towards the sound, boots slipping on loose stone chippings. The cavern twisted and turned, seemingly playing with him, disorienting him. The walls closed in, damp and cold. Shifty's breath came in ragged gasps as he pushed forward, driven by fear and curiosity.

The tunnel widened into a large cavern, and Shifty's torch flared back to life. The pale figure stood just at the edge of the torchlight—a young woman with dark, flowing hair framing her face. Her eyes held tempting secrets, and her face faintly glowed.

'Help,' she mouthed, her voice lost in the cavern's depths.

Shifty's pulse raced. He ran towards her, but his feet slipped again, and he tumbled hard onto his right shoulder. Pain shot through him, but adrenaline propelled him forward. He scrambled to his feet, eyes fixed on the woman.

And then he saw it—a crevice, inches away from where he'd fallen. A sudden drop into an abyss. If he hadn't slipped, he would be dead, somewhere down in the darkness.

He looked up again, searching for the woman who had screamed earlier, but she was no longer there.

Venik ran his hand across the hull of his ship, *Freedom's Tears*. Once a humble cargo freighter, it had transformed over many years into a spaceship renowned throughout Galaxy Three as a formidable resistance vessel. The metal bore the scars of countless battles—tarnished and pitted, the ceramic outer layer cracked in several places. Each mark told a story: an asteroid impact, a laser blast, or a desperate escape from an enemy ambush. These scars were the chronicle of Venik's adventures over the last two decades.

But now, *Freedom's Tears* was in a sorry state. The recent attack on a Galactic Treasury Freighter had left her wounded—perhaps even terminally. Venik stood there, torn between pride and regret. The ship had carried him through victories and near-death escapes, but this time, she might not recover.

'Taking a break, Venik?' The voice cut through his reverie. It was Brakin, the grizzled leader of their resistance group. His eyes bore the weight of his campaign for freedom, and his patience was as worn as the ship's hull.

'We'll have Endak Battleships scouring this area soon,' Brakin continued, his tone sharp.

'They don't know there are mines here,' Venik countered. 'We're safe.'

Brakin's scowl deepened. 'Get it done, wise-mouth. I'm not taking any risks.'

Before Venik could reply, Shifty burst into the cavern, eyes wide with terror.

'This place,' Shifty screamed, pointing into the darkness. 'It's haunted!'

A short distance away, deeper within the labyrinthine tunnels of the mine, the TARDIS materialized with its characteristic 'wheezing-groaning' sound. The Doctor stepped out into the dimly lit surroundings, the faint luminescence from the rocks highlighting his shock of grey-white hair.

He stood in silence for a few moments. There was a sense of dread here that he had rarely felt before. He was usually excited to arrive somewhere new, a sense of adventure that spurred him on. But it felt like the TARDIS had landed in a tomb, and a fairly rotten one at that.

The Doctor walked over to a small pile of equipment discarded nearby, some of which he recognised as sonic drills. Their design, particularly the hand grips, told the Doctor who had inhabited this mine - Ice Warriors. Further into the distance, the Doctor could barely make out some monitoring equipment. The walls looked every bit like exhausted mine surfaces, but whole sections seemed untouched. Just as he started to walk towards the littered technology, the

cavern walls shook violently. Seconds later, the roof of the cave crashed down, blocking his way back to the TARDIS.

For the moment, he was trapped.

Vinny and Gresk moved around cautiously in the semi-darkness trying to locate pieces of equipment that may be useful for to repair the *Freedom's Tears*.

'The cause,' Gresk moaned, his voice echoing off the damp walls. 'It's always about 'the cause'.'

Vinny, more pragmatic, shot him a warning look. 'You'll be stranded here if Brakin hears you say that.'

Gresk was about to moan further when Vinny stopped in his tracks. His ears caught something—a faint melody, like distant singing. He turned toward the sound, determination in his eyes.

'Can you hear that sound?' Vinny asked, his conviction unwavering. Without waiting for Gresk's response, he strode toward the source of the haunting tune.

Gresk followed Vinny, but as he moved, something brushed past him in the shadows. Gresk gasped when his torch picked the shape up. His torch illuminated a ghastly sight: the corpse of a long-dead Ice Warrior that he had disturbed. Vinny laughed at him, only to turn and see an old man's lined face staring right at him. Gresk screamed and stumbled backwards, landing awkwardly on the rock floor. When he looked again, the man was gone.

The Doctor crawled up a shaft, drawn toward a faint source of light that pierced the heavy darkness. It seemed much stronger than the cavern's natural luminescence, but since it was

also quiet up there, he didn't get his hopes up for any help being close by. After a few minutes of climbing, the Doctor hoisted himself out of the shaft and into a small cavern. Larger tunnels branched off from it, none promising salvation. The Doctor considered mapping the mine's layout, tapping his pockets for a notepad and pen as he explored.

He suddenly felt one of his feet slip, and he barely regained balance, avoiding a treacherous gap he hadn't noticed at all. That was much closer than he would have liked. When he looked up, a woman stood silently in the distance.

'Hello!' The Doctor called out, but she walked away, acknowledging his presence without direct interaction.

As he surveyed the surroundings, he noticed a wooden plank spanning the crevice. Crossing it, he examined the cavern's far end. There stood an iron door, rust clinging to its surface, suggesting it had been closed for a long time. It was different to the rest of the mine, it was ornate, and the surrounding rocks seemed deliberately shaped in a grandiose formation. Was this a place of worship? A temple? Or a mausoleum? In the centre of the door, around a small grill window, ancient Martian runes adorned its surface. The Ice Warriors, once a highly advanced and scientific race, had regressed to primal superstitions. This regression concerned the Doctor.

Whatever they had been afraid of was locked behind that door.

Vinny and Gresk were both perched on a couple of supply crates, with Brakin standing impatiently in front of them. Both men appeared clearly shaken. Once again, Brakin endured their tale of the apparent haunting in the lower levels of the mines, and he wasn't any more convinced this time either. As they recounted their experiences, Brakin's patience frayed further.

'Something, and I don't know what,' Brakin shouted, 'has affected your tiny minds. Get a grip! We have a ship to fix!'

Gresk's tone turned serious. 'It was real,' he insisted.

Brakin rolled his eyes and shouted. 'If you don't return to those mines and scavenge something actually useful,' he warned, 'you'll have more corporeal concerns to deal with!'

The Doctor ran his fingertips across the surface of the door, feeling a very real connection with what promised to be a tantalising mystery. He could feel the rough texture of the rusted metal, but there was a feint electric sensation that pulsed through his fingertips… an unusual energy that seemed to come from inside, pulsating with an organic rhythm. There was no obvious lock on the door, so he assumed it must have been locked by a magnetic key placed on a certain position on the door. He looked in the immediate environment, but there wasn't any sign of a dropped key, or anything else he could adapt into one.

The cavern's damp air clung to him, shadows dancing around him as he moved in the dim light. There was something beyond that door. Something ancient, something terrifying. He felt an electric sensation of fear prickle over him, but he was compelled to explore further. It was what drove him on. He couldn't not open the door.

An abrupt cough from behind him was a cue for the Doctor to turn around, already knowing what it meant. Standing close to him were two burly men, guns levelled at him.

'Oh,' the Doctor grumbled. 'Here

KEE
OU

we go again.'

The Doctor was roughly herded into the main cavern by Hannel and Jast, the mercenary fighters who had just discovered him.

A voice—cold and unyielding—cut through the damp air. 'How did you get here?'

The Doctor turned, his eyes meeting those of a burly man—clearly the group's leader by his demeanour. 'You wouldn't believe me even if I explained it to you,' the Doctor replied, his voice tinged with weariness.

Brakin's gaze bore into him. 'To me,' he said, 'you are a complication. But, lucky for you, I don't kill unless I'm paid to. Instead, we'll tie you up and leave you here. Starvation will kill you, not me.'

The Doctor's lips curved into a sardonic smile. 'How delightful,' he muttered.

Brakin turned away, but the Doctor caught his attention again. 'I'll cut to the chase, since we're both on a tight schedule, and, well, I like to skip the boring parts, fast forward to the interesting bits.'

Brakin's brow furrowed. 'What are you on about?' he demanded, suspicion etching his features.

'She brings me to these places, my TARDIS,' he explained, 'and it always seems to go like this. You don't trust me, I'll never trust you, but if you don't want to all die, you need me. There's something terrible behind that rusted door, something primal. It won't let any of us leave, so, lucky for you, we have to work together.'

Hannel walked through to see Venik to see how the ship repairs were going, but he was nowhere to be found. The ship stood there, but it was badly damaged, with parts either missing or thrown across the room. The *Freedom's Tears* had been sabotaged, and to such a degree that it was impossible to repair it. And Venik—their best engineer, the one who could coax life back into the ship's veins—had vanished. Maybe something was stalking them, picking them off one by one.

Hannel ran through to where Brakin was waiting. Upon hearing the news, Brakin was furious. He turned again towards the Doctor.

'How do I know if you're not just another nutcase?' Brakin's frustration was palpable. 'I seem to be surrounded by them at the moment. Who else is here with you?' he demanded.

'Nobody,' the Doctor explained. 'I came here alone. Though I don't think we are alone.' The Doctor's gaze became steely and fixed upon Brakin, the tone of his voice dropping into a conspiratorial whisper. 'I saw someone else down in the caves. A woman,' he revealed. 'Though she didn't speak and disappeared when I tried to approach her. Does that sound familiar?'

For the first time, Brakin's composure wavered, his face drained of colour. The Doctor watched, intrigued by the cracks appearing in the mercenary's façade.

Vinny and Gresk walked close together as they passed down to the lower levels. Neither of them dared to venture too far away from each other.

'Can you hear that?' Vinny voice broke the uneasy silence.

'What?' Gresk replied. 'I can't hear anything.'

'Shhh! Something's muttering,' Vinny added as he turned his head to listen out more closely.

Vinny took a few tentative steps forward, but his grip gave way, causing him to slip and drop his torch. Vinny

slammed into the ground a second later.

'Give me a hand, Gresk,' Vinny asked as he reached in the dark, hoping to find the torch.

There was no reply from Gresk.

Picking himself up, Vinny's foot touched the torch which he bent down to grab. He quickly switched it back on and looked for Gresk.

Gresk was lying on the floor, as if he'd fallen too. Vinny reached down and turned him over, only then realising that Gresk was dead.

The Doctor carefully described to Brakin exactly what he saw earlier, with Shifty confirming the Doctor's account. They had experienced the same vision.

'The caves are haunted,' Shifty warned. 'Cursed, even. She's trying to lead us to our deaths.'

'Like the Siren in Greek mythology,' the Doctor added.

Brakin fixed his gaze on the Doctor. 'So you also think this place is haunted? I didn't have you down as a believer in ghosts, Doctor.'

'Ghosts? Don't be an idiot,' the Doctor replied. 'Ghosts can't possibly exist. It could be a hallucinogen, chemical or technological, holography, or possibly even telepathy. But not ghosts.'

'You're a scientist?' Brakin wondered.

'There's a rational explanation for everything,' the Doctor replied.

Brakin clenched his fists and his teeth. 'Something damaged my ship, Doctor. I need some answers to that.'

'The answers lie behind that door,' the Doctor answered back, usurping the authority. 'We need to go back down there.'

Vinny ran around trying to find some way out, but he started to feel disorientated. Soon, everything started to spin. Faster and faster and faster. Spinning, spinning, spinning.

'Vinny, Vinny. Gresk wants to see you! Vinny, Vinny. Even the dead need friends, Vinny, Vinny', the voice twisted around him, playing with him, mocking him.

Over and over, again and again, spinning and spinning.

Vinny screamed as he collapsed to the floor.

The Doctor, Brakin and Hannel were making their way through down a small, cramped tunnel that slowly twisted down towards the lower levels. Shifty and the Doctor had both seen the apparition in the lower parts of the mine, though Shifty had been reluctant to go back down there. Old machinery littered the tunnels, but, apart from rust, they were relatively intact.

But amongst the redundant machinery lay something far more grisly - the remains of some Ice Warriors. The Doctor regarded them solemnly.

'They must have been trapped here. Died of starvation,' he concluded, sadly.

'Sympathy for lizards?' Brakin spat with barely disguised contempt in his voice.

'The Ice Warriors are a proud, majestic race. Noone deserves to die like this. In fear for their lives.'

Next to the corpses lay some objects made from twine and stones. The Doctor crouched down and picked one up.

'A Hai'Shan,' the Doctor mused. 'An old Martian doll the Ice Warriors used to make. Millenia ago they crafted these to protect themselves from the Ish'Ani, an undead demon from their creation mythology.'

'They were scared,' Brakin realised. 'Really scared.'

Hannel frowned. 'What scares an Ice Warrior?'

'What indeed!' the Doctor added as he looked down at the twine and stone doll. 'Perhaps the Ish'Ani is more than just myth. Most mythologies are based on something real.'

'So you believe this - Ish'Ani, the Ice Warrior demon – is locked behind that door you saw earlier.'

'Or something the Ice Warriors thought was Ish'Ani. Something from the Ice Warriors deepest nightmares.'

The Doctor, Brakin and Hannel made their way into a smaller cavern to find that Vinny is lying still on the floor. Nearby, Gresk's lifeless form bore the cruel marks of violence, several stab wounds evident. The Doctor crouched next to Vinny and examined him more closely. Unlike Gresk, there were no external wounds immediately evident to him on Vinny's body.

'He must have died of fright,' the Doctor hypothesised.

Hannel couldn't reply, his lips moving silently, as if he were trying to talk, but just couldn't.

The Doctor looked at the other body. 'Stab wounds, but not knife nearby.' He shone his torch in a methodical circular pattern to make sure he had thoroughly covered the immediate environment.

'What are you?' Hannel finally screamed at the Doctor. 'The doesn't even bother you at all?'

'There is something in these mines trying to pick us off one by one, and now there has been a double killing. It has trapped us in this place – damaged your ship and trapped my TARDIS. It's playing a game, and it feels like we are just starting to understand the rules whilst it is one move away from checkmate. We must find out what it is before it is too late for the rest

of us.'

Hannel broke his eye contact with the Doctor and looked away.

'The Doctor is right,' Brakin interrupted. 'Crying over dead men won't help the rest of us.'

'I might not have phrased it quite like that,' the Doctor chided him. The Doctor looked around the cavern and started to recognise the area. 'Come this way,' the Doctor said to them. 'We may find some answers down here.'

The Doctor led Brakin and Hannel towards an opening where the luminescence from the walls grew particularly intense. After navigating the cramped, darker tunnels, the brightness almost hurt their eyes.

In front of the trio stood the rusted metal door the Doctor had encountered earlier.

'What are those markings around the window?' Brakin asked.

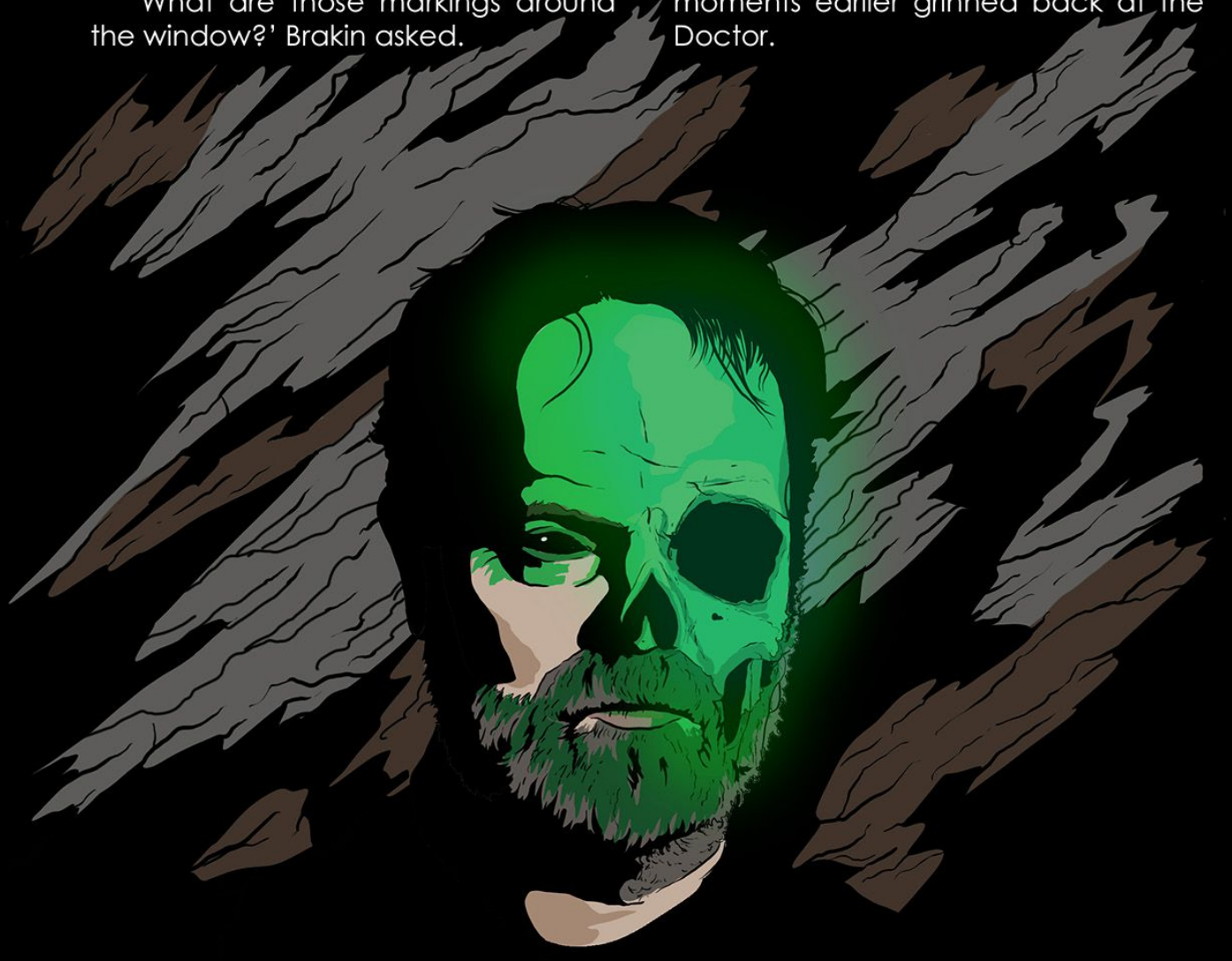
'Martian runes. To seal the evil within,' the Doctor replied, with a hint of melodrama. 'Whatever is sealed inside here,' he continued, adopting the tone of a museum curator lecturing a small group of tourists, 'was left behind when the Ice Warriors evacuated. It may be responsible for the hallucinations or telepathy we've experienced.'

'Doctor…' Brakin muttered as he stumbled past the Doctor and slumped into the rusted door.

'Somehow, I don't think the sealing runes are particularly effective,' Hannel grinned, his black eyes fixed on the Doctor, a large knife gleaming in his hand.

'Who are you?' the Doctor asked. 'Or rather, what are you?'

The figure that had been Hannel moments earlier grinned back at the Doctor.



'A scientific mind. There is no space for thoughts of gods and demons in a closed mind such as yours, Doctor.'

'Not a closed mind,' the Doctor snapped back. 'I don't believe in ghosts and goblins. But neither of those explains what you are. Where are you from? Where did you originate?' The Doctor fixed Hannel with a sharp stare. 'Planet of origin!' he demanded.

Hannel circled the Doctor, knife still in hand, murderous intent in his eyes. 'So many questions, scientist. Or is it…. Doctor!' He paused for a moment, relishing the Doctor's discomfort. 'The ancient races called me Karikka, the lizards called me Ish'Ani, but I have held many names. I stand where life does not, cannot.'

'They tried to seal you behind that door. They thought of you as a demon,' the Doctor mused out loud.

'I am death,' Karikka smiled through Hannel's mouth. 'I am behind that door. You will open it, or you and the remaining lifeforms in these mines will die.'

The Doctor looked again at the door. 'It needs a magnetic key,' he said, smiling. 'I can't open it, I'm afraid.'

'You picked up a tool earlier, didn't you… Doctor? From where the spacecraft was being repaired. You knew it could open the door.'

The Doctor looked as guilty as a schoolboy caught raiding the tuck shop. Karikka had somehow learned his name and was aware of his earlier actions. Whatever Karikka was, it was telepathic.

'Your suspicions are correct, Time Lord,' Karikka said, allowing the Doctor to know he could wander around his mind unopposed. 'I can read your thoughts. You cannot accept the reality of what I am, yet you sensed death when you first arrived.'

'The apparitions in the mine shafts, they were all you invading minds?'

'I hold sway over the dead,' Karikka goaded. 'I can bring them all back from the darkness. I allowed them momentary reprieve from death. They belong in my domain, they are all my subjects, my puppets.'

'Doctor,' a voice spoke just behind the Time Lord.

The Doctor turned around to see a young man standing there, smiling at him. It was Adric.

'Don't blame yourself, Doctor. It was my fault,' Adric explained. 'I've always wanted to tell you that. It was my choice, you don't need to live with the guilt.'

But the guilt still stuck right inside the Doctor's hearts. It had been there since the day Adric died, and he had not forgotten his death since. He'd thought about him every day. Happy memories of the boy genius. But he couldn't accept that this was Adric, but he would be lying if he said that he was 100 percent certain of that.

The Doctor looked towards Karikka. 'You read my mind, this is just a hallucination.'

'Are you certain, Doctor?' Karikka's gravelly voice asked, malevolently.

'Grandfather,' another voice spoke.

The Doctor closed his eyes and shouted, 'No! Stop, Karikka!'

'You left her behind, never visited her again,' Karikka goaded. 'You weren't to know what happened to her.'

Still refusing to look at where the voice had come from, the Doctor suddenly leapt forward and pressed the magnetic clamp tool he had been carrying in his pocket on the rusted door. The ancient lock clicked loudly, and the door swung open.

The Doctor could hear Karikka's laugh echoing around him. There was a single corpse of an Ice Warrior that

had long since become dusty carapace. Karikka continued to laugh as he goaded the Doctor. 'Everything dies, death conquers all.'

Karikka placed its wiry hands on the Doctor's face, meeting no resistance. 'Susan, Barbara, Ian… all of them. Even that creature who thought he could contain me.'

The Doctor dropped to the floor. 'Everyone you ever knew, they died. They were no more.'

The Doctor grabbed Karikka's hands and slowly, and confidently, stood up. Karikka withered, in shock and pain.

'Adric lives on, they all live on. Even the people you think I've forgotten. Jabe on Platform One, Lazar on Nerva Beacon, Toberman. Everyone. All those deaths, all those sacrifices, matter. They are remembered, and their sacrifices allowed many more to live. Welcome to my domain, Karikka,

where people are remembered, where people matter, where people are loved, even after death.'

Karikka screamed in pain.

'And I have known many of them, through my many lives. When we remember them, Karikka, we defeat death. They live on through all of us!'

The Doctor let Karikka loose. The creature that was once Hannel, now barely human in appearance, staggered back, overwhelmed and weak.

'And when I ever think of you, Karikka, I'll remember your defeat!'

Karikka let out one final, piercing scream, as it shattered into a thousand fragments and faded away.

By the time the Doctor had wearily trekked back up through the mines to where the *Freedom's Tears* stood. Shifty and Venik had managed to patch one of the main engines up so that it was now functional. When they saw the silhouette of the Doctor appearing inside the cavern, they both ran over.

'Are you alright? Where's Brakin and Hannel?'

They could tell from the Doctor's expression that their comrades were not coming back.

A few hours later, the Doctor said his goodbyes to Shifty and Venik. Their ship had been repaired sufficiently to make a short journey to a nearby neutral spaceport, and they had managed to move enough of the rocks that had blocked in the TARDIS to allow the Doctor through to his ship.

'I'm not sure how we'll go on,' Shifty spoke just as the Doctor turned to leave. 'We had the most famous ship in the resistance, under Brakin.'

The Doctor smiled. 'You still do, and Brakin would have wanted you to continue his fight for freedom. And Hannel, Gresk and Vinny.'

'Until next time, Doctor,' Venik said warmly.

With that, the two resistance fighters turned to leave and go back towards their freighter and a new mission to honour the memory of fallen comrades.

The Doctor climbed over some of the rocks to see the TARDIS standing resolutely in the dank cavern, the light from its windows piercing the darkness. The Doctor looked behind him, the pervading sense of death that had stalked the mines when he arrived had gone now, it was time to leave.

But behind him, in the darkness, something shifted slightly and watched him leave. Death is not the end, even for death itself.

PYRAMID POWER

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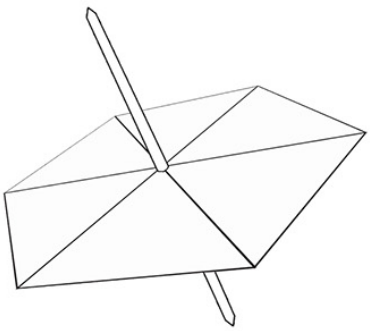


STORY SPINNERS

BLOOD OF THE WITCHFINDER

Death was inevitable. The creature had known that ever since it had fallen from the stars, crashing on this primitive alien world, this backward, technology-deficient world. It waited in the shadows, shielded from the cold, wet winds by the solid trunks of two oak trees. It longed to see its family one more time, before its life ended, consumed by lonely darkness.

There were many things running through its mind, not least of which all of those words that it had always wanted to say to its broodlings and progenitors, thoughts and feelings that would now almost certainly never be said.

The proud life it had once led, the hundreds of exploration missions it had completed, reduced to this. Bleeding to death from mortal wounds, cold and alone. No, not alone...

It could hear the sound of hooves approaching, an indigenous equine, unlikely to be alone, more likely to be commended by one of those bipeds – this planet's dominant species. It didn't care too much for them. They barely cared for each other, they would not care for something that looked so different. It cursed the very moment it had ever left its world and the brood

that it would never see again.

Josiah Crompton stared into the woods, his eyes narrowed, waiting for the merest glimpse of movement. His face was stinging under the driving rain, like small pins of ice persistently pricking at his skin. He was being tested, he was sure, but his resolve would not diminish. In his mind he could sense that something demonic was close, an servant of the devil, and it was the duty of a righteous man like he was to destroy the evil, cleanse it from this world and send it back to depth of Hell from whence it came.

After a few moments he saw it, crouched pitifully against some trees, cowering and shaking in fear. Josiah Crompton walked slowly up to the creature, silver cross on one hand, a long sharp knife in the other. He whispered blessings as he closed in on it. The church would be proud, his Saviour would be proud, but most of all, his mother would be proud.

The creature wept as a gloved hand grabbed its hair and tugged its head forward into a bow, exposing the nape of its neck. It wept for mercy, but not for long. It had no strength left to resist. Moments later, it wept no more.

Josiah was overcome by a warm satisfaction that spread right through him as the knife slashed down, and the scream that briefly followed his act did not register in his mind. Moments later Josiah Crompton climbed back into his carriage and shouted for his driver to take the coach forwards on its journey. Sitting in his lap was the severed head of the creature he had just slaughtered.

‘I have found the demon, Mother,’ Josiah said as he looked at his trophy. ‘And I have cleansed it.’

On the seat opposite from Josiah was perched a simple painting, a portrait of a young woman, her eyes staring out towards him, a feint smile that never left her lips.

‘Rome. I’ve always wanted to see Rome.’ Bill looked at the time rotor as it glowed, the time gears above her spinning around, almost hypnotically. ‘Or the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth. Or even the dinosaurs, but, like, from a distance.’

‘Well, definitely not Queen Elizabeth,’ the Doctor muttered. ‘Always best to keep away from your exes.’

‘What?’ Bill frowned, but the Doctor didn’t elaborate. ‘OK, what about seeing the ancient Egyptians building the Sphinx.’

‘Ah well, that wasn’t built,’ the Doctor explained. ‘It’s a dormant alien stone robot, shaped like a cat. A sleeping beast.’

‘Seriously?’ Bill asked uncertainly.

‘Just don’t tell anyone,’ the Doctor replied. ‘In my experience, humans are best when they are kept away from things they don’t understand.’

Suddenly the console room lurched causing Bill’s stomach to twist, forcing a wave of nausea to engulf her. A shrill scream emanated from the console, an terrifying sound that seemed to unnerve even the Doctor.

‘This shouldn’t be happening!’ the Doctor shouted as he struggled to keep himself upright, grasping the edges of the console and trying to touch some of the controls, but another lurch threw the Doctor violently against one of the rails.

Bill looked up from the floor to see

where the Doctor was, but the thing that she saw caused her to scream. It was a large green skull, its black eye sockets bearing straight into Bill's mind.

The Doctor pulled himself upwards and pressed some buttons on the console and the horrific skull apparition faded away.

'What? What was that?' Bill asked.

The Doctor had no answer, and that scared Bill even more.

'They are coming for us,' Mary Samson screamed as she stared out the window. 'We have to go.'

Sarah Samson, Mary's mother, walked up to her daughter and wrapped her arms around her, pulling her into herself protectively.

'We will do no such thing,' Sarah said, trying to sound confident, but her voice still shook anxiously. 'This is my house and we shall not leave.'

A small group had gathered outside of their house, shouting insults and taunts towards them, and with every passing minute more and more seemed to be joining in. It was obvious that they were waiting for someone, building up their angry hysteria that would soon be ignited. Sarah Samson soon saw that man approach. 'Tom Matton,' she cursed.

Matton said something to one of the men who then kicked at the door to Mary's home. Some more of the mob joined in and the door soon shattered. Several men forced themselves into the house and roughly grabbed Mary, despite her mother's attempts to beat them back. Mary was dragged out of the house and held in front of Matton. For a brief moment the gathered crowd fell silent, but as soon as Matton nodded towards the river the crowd started baying again.

Mary screamed as she was bound, her thumbs roughly tied firstly together and then to her feet, painfully hoisted up by the rope and then carried towards the nearby river. Sarah Samson tried to grab her daughter, to try and bring her back into the house, but a wooden club smashed down on her neck, dropping her to the floor.

'Mary,' she groaned out before a black cloud overcame her.

The TARDIS materialised with a resounding thump and the doors clicked open. The Doctor stepped out and frowned. Behind him, Bill Potts leapt out and cautiously looked around, taking in everything.

'So, where exactly are we?' she asked.

'Smell the air,' the Doctor prompted her, ignoring her question.

'It's different,' Bill said. 'I can't say how, it's just... weird.'

'No pollution,' the Doctor said as he licked a finger and held it up to the air. 'Seventeenth century England. The Home Counties.'

'The time of the English Civil War?' Bill asked.

'Possibly,' the Doctor replied. 'Though it seems a little calm for that.'

A scream pierced the air, followed by the shouts of an angry crowd.

Bill rolled her eyes. 'Every time!' she muttered under her breath.

Tom Matton led the crowd down an embankment towards the river where a man and a carriage were waiting. As soon as Mary saw the man standing there she could feel a sickening sense of dread pierce her chest causing her to scream. He was tall, wrapped in a thick black cloak that seemed to lick around his body, his face hidden under a tall black hat excepts a few strands of grey hair snaking around the brim.

The crowd fell silent as the figure, Josiah Crompton, stepped forward and stared at Mary.

'Are you a witch?' he shouted.

'No,' Mary protested from her dry throat.

Josiah crept closer. 'Are you a witch?'

'No,' Mary screamed back. 'No!'

'We shall see,' he muttered as he pointed towards the river. 'Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live,' Crompton shouted to the crowd before squaring up to the petrified Mary. 'You are a consort of Satan, and you will be tested through the divinity of water.' Mary could not answer – her throat was swollen and weak from all the screaming and she was too frightened to even form words.

Tom Matton began asking the crowd for any witnesses who had seen the evil practices of the witch. Several townsfolk stepped forward and spoke of her unholy behaviour, gathering herbs and roots for evil curses and cavorting with beasts and familiars.

'You have rejected your baptism, whore of Satan, and the water will reject you. Throw her into the river,' Crompton shouted.

The men holding Mary hoisted her above their heads and threw her into the river. Many of the gathered townsfolk stared into the river's murky depths, waiting for the ripples

and bubbles to clear so they could see her shape underneath its surface.

'She is sinking,' Matton said.

At that moment the surface of the water broke but it wasn't Mary who emerged, it was Bill Potts.

Bill dragged Mary out of the river and laid her on the grass on her side, patting her back a couple of times until Mary coughed out the water in her throat. Bill tore away at the remaining bindings holding Mary.

'Who are you to interfere with the witch's testing?' Crompton shouted.

'She's not a witch,' a voice behind him spoke. Crompton turned around to see the Doctor standing quite close to him. 'She sank to the bottom – the water did not reject her.'

Josiah strode up to the Doctor, trying to intimidate him, but failing magnificently.

'Congratulations,' the Doctor grinned, 'you've proven her innocence. Now, personally, I'd call that quite a successful day.'

The Doctor and Bill helped Mary to stand and they started to walk back towards the town.

'Where are you taking her?' demanded Crompton.

'Back to her home, to rest,' the Doctor snapped back. 'She's an innocent girl who you have just tried to drown.' The Doctor looked around at the townsfolk who watched the events intently. 'Who will help us? Anyone?'

Several townsfolk stepped forward and helped the Doctor and Bill take Mary back towards the houses of Little Winterton. Josiah Crompton seethed with silent fury as he watched them walking away.

The Doctor would pay for his insolence. Mother would ensure it.

The Doctor looked into Mary's bedroom to see that she was asleep on her bed, Bill was sitting on the edge of it and tucking in the bed sheets.

'Thank you,' Sarah said to the

Doctor. ‘You saved my daughter.’

‘I’m not sure that Tom Matton, of that Witchfinder, will concede so easily.’

The Doctor thought that Bill and he shouldn’t really have gotten involved here, but he wasn’t sure it would be safe to leave. Maybe that was why the TARDIS had brought. The Doctor looked back towards Bill - she was still looking down at Mary. She looked over towards him and smiled.

‘Just a few more moments,’ Bill said to the Doctor. ‘Just to make sure she’s OK.’

Josiah Crompton stood inside the small townhouse that Tom Matton had loaned to him for the duration of his stay in Little Winterton. His possessions were still scattered around the room, gathered in small crates. He lifted up the portrait of the young woman he had carried in from his coach and hung it on the main wall.

‘Mother,’ Crompton gently whispered to her, ‘I have found another demon, a fallen soul that must be cleansed of life. You must guide my thoughts, Mother, I beseech you.’

A knock at the door interrupted Josiah. He ushered the visitor in and saw that it was Tom Matton.

‘The townsfolk see the Samson girl as innocent,’ Matton said.

‘Unless, of course, her newfound protector is a liar and a witch himself. See how vulgar his consort clothes herself, wearing the trousers of men and flaunting her heathen flesh. Woman are the tempters for Satan. That is what all righteous know.’ Crompton looked at the portrait.

‘Who is she?’ Matton asked.

‘Mother,’ Crompton answered with a sad, hollow voice. ‘She died in childbirth when I was born, though I have felt her influence my entire life. I like to think she is looking over my shoulder, reaching out to me.’

‘It is a shame you never knew her,’ Matton replied.

‘Oh, but I did, through her teachings.’

Matton forced a smile. ‘I will bring that man to you for questioning. Let me know when you are finished with him.’

Crompton smiled.

‘You know, this is really it, isn’t it, Doctor. History. Proper history,’ Bill said.

‘That we shouldn’t have interfered with,’ he replied.

‘I couldn’t have let her die,’ she said. ‘Could you?’

‘No,’ the Doctor said after a few awkward seconds of silence. ‘But... Well, it’s complicated.’

The Doctor turned to Sarah and said that they had to be leaving, sooner rather than later.

As the Doctor turned to leave there was a knock at the door. Sarah opened the door to see Peter Millson standing there, surrounded by two of the town’s bailiffs.

‘Mr Matton wishes to speak to you,’ Millson said to the Doctor.

‘I’d rather thought he might,’ the Doctor said. ‘After all, no one else will want to talk to him.’ The Doctor walked out the door to go along with the men. He glanced at Bill to encourage her to remain silent as he was taken away at swordpoint.

Barely a few minutes later, the Doctor was waiting on a wooden bench in the town hall, drumming his fingers as he waited for Tom Matton to arrive. Peter Millson was waiting nearby.

‘Boring just waiting, isn’t it?’ the Doctor said. Millson didn’t reply. ‘Still, it’s only 262 years until they invent the

television.'

Tom Matton entered the room and sat opposite the Doctor. He offered the Doctor a pewter tankard of wine, but the Doctor declined it.

'Our community is very important, mister...'

'Doctor.'

'Doctor,' Matton echoed. 'We cannot tolerate evil within our community.'

'Says the man who allowed witch-finder into the heart of it.'

'He will root the evil out. What could be worse than a witch or devil?'

'A witch hunt,' the Doctor replied grimly. 'And innocent girls being drowned because of ignorant fears. The only evil here in this village is the one you've created from your paranoia.'

'Could it not be that you are a witch yourself?' Matton asked.

'Don't be an idiot, Matton,' the Doctor said, but before he could continue several bailiffs entered and dragged him out the room.

Bill saw that Mary was now awake and staring up at the ceiling. Bill walked into her room and sat on the edge of her bed.

'Hey, how are you?'

Mary did not answer, she was still shaken by what had occurred earlier. Bill's attention was taken by noises from outside the window. Josiah Crompton was standing there, with Tom Matton and a few others. Josiah stared into the house for a few moments and after whispering a few words to Tom Matton he left.

'Creep,' Bill said under her breath as she watched him skulk away.

Bill turned back to look at Mary, but almost immediately the window smashed as a stone came crashing through it. Bill went to pull Mary out of her bed and away from the window but the young girl started to convulse violently. Bill suddenly dropped to the floor as she felt a searing pain in her head, almost as if something was gripping her brain and squeezing it really tightly, but within a few moments it had stopped.

Bill shook her head to clear it and she tried to reach Mary again, but further stones came crashing through the window. Behind her, Sarah Samson stood in the doorframe, but within seconds she too had succumbed to the convulsing.

'What's going on?' Bill shouted. For a moment the terrible green skull face that she saw in the TARDIS appeared in the room before suddenly disappearing.

The noise of the mob outside started to rise again as some of them once more barged into the house. Bill knew that something was making them more frenzied, probably the scary skull thing that had just reappeared, had caused the Samsons to convulse. She tried to reach Mary, but Peter Millson grabbed her and tried to pull her out of the room. Bill slammed her elbow into his stomach and managed to slip out of his grasp. Millson pulled out a knife and held it close to the neck of the convulsing Mary. Bill realised that she had no choice other than to stand down.

The Doctor's eyes were adjusting to the dark and he could see the faint phosphorescent glow of the dank earth that lined the cellar. There was an occasional clump of footsteps above as his would-be inquisitor sought to remind him of his presence. No doubt Crompton thought that having the Doctor waiting in the dark and tied to a beam was likely to keep him unnerved and frightened, but he felt neither of those things and he passed the time making mental reconstructions of tenth

dimensional geometric patterns. Well, it was better than counting Cybersheep. After a while, the trapdoor to the cellar opened.

'Oh, good! Is it teatime already?' the Doctor grinned. 'Oh, it's you. I was hoping it would be Shirley Bassey, I could do with a decent tune right about now.'

Josiah Crompton climbed down the steps, declining to answer the Doctor.

'Does the Devil's influence save you from feeling fear?' Crompton asked.

'No, but Arcturian algorithms help a lot. What do you hope to achieve by keeping me here?'

'I wish to root out the Satanic influences that have cursed this community.' Crompton looked at some occult artefacts on a nearby bench and started to unwrap them. 'Local legends say that Satan himself stalks this land, blighting crops and killing cattle.'

'There are legends like that everywhere, he must be a very busy man,' the Doctor replied.

'It requires people like me to cleanse the community – draw his possessed servants out.'

'You must get great satisfaction from torturing the old and the weak until they say whatever you want them to say, but the people you punish are innocent.'

Crompton's eyes narrowed. 'And that upsets you.'

'Of course it upsets me. What do your scriptures say about harming the innocent? Release me, Crompton,' the Doctor said, 'before it's too late.'

Crompton unwrapped the head of the creature he had slaughtered earlier

and placed it on a silver dish. The head started to spin around and around, faster and faster.

'Mother is awake,' Crompton grinned. 'She said you would have a weakness, and I know what you fear. Your harlot has been brought to me for questioning and I suspect she will confess to being a witch. After being tested, of course.'

The Doctor struggled at the rope that was holding him. 'Crompton, free me now!' he demanded.

'Where is your arrogance now, Doctor?' Crompton asked as he climbed back up from the cellar.

'Crompton!' the Doctor shouted after him. 'Crompton!'

In the upper floor of Crompton's townhouse, Bill and Mary had been shackled by irons to the chairs they were sat upon. Peter Millson stood watching over them, waiting for Crompton to return back up.

'Let us go,' Bill pleased. 'We haven't done anything.'

'They say you are witches, and Mr Crompton will find you both out for it,' Millson replied.

Bill started to struggle at the irons that held her, and Millson started to move forward, but they were interrupted by Mary Samson who started to violently convulse again.

'Stop it girl,' Millson shouted at Mary, 'or I will smite you!' Millson pulled out his sword.

Bill turned to warn Millson but her eyes were drawn towards the painting behind him. It was a painting of a young woman, her face plain and her smile cold, but the very canvas of the fabric was contorting into long finger-like barbs that reached, like a hand, towards Millson.

'Move away!' Bill shouted towards Millson, but the man could not hear her over his own hysteria and the guttural noises that Mary was making as she fitted.

Bill could feel her tears burn her cheeks as she saw the woman's claws enclose around Millson's neck. She looked down to her lap and closed her eyes as she heard Millson scream in agony, a scream that stopped suddenly after only a few seconds. Opening her eyes, she saw a dessicated, headless husk on the floor.

'What did you do?' Bill cried.

'I fed,' the woman in the painting answered.

Bill could see the woman's face, now a green skeletal visage. Skull like.

'Come to me,' the woman commanded.

'No!' shouted Bill.

For a moment, the skeletal face looked scared, before its wicked frown returned.

'Your soul will be mine, but I can wait to devour it.'

The hand returned to the painting and the face returned to its original passive form. Behind Bill, Mary stopped fitting and slumped in her chair.

'I see you have met Mother,' a voice said from nearby. It was Crompton.

The Doctor struggled at the ropes that held him to the cellar post and started to work them loose. The alien creature's head still stared at him with lifeless eyes, but it slowly started to spin again.

'Mother's active,' the Doctor muttered as he started to find some success with the ropes.

Bill was bound by ropes and was being carried towards the river by several bailiffs as the crowd followed in the path of Josiah Crompton. Crompton was reciting passages from the

Malleus Malificarum, and swinging a silver cross in front of him as it to divine a path towards the river. When the crowd arrived at the river side, Bill was lowered down and forced to crouch in front of Crompton.

'Are you a witch?' asked Crompton.

'I am not a witch,' pleaded Bill, 'but there is a witch in that painting of yours, and it killed that man that guarded us.'

'What vicious lies borne of a blasphemous tongue,' Crompton replied. 'Mother does not like blasphemy. Carry her to the river, she will be tested.'

The Doctor struggled with the trapdoor that led from the cellar, but it seemed weighted down. With an almighty push, the Doctor managed to slightly budge the trapdoor, and after a few more attempts he managed to dislodge off a heavy chest that had been placed on it. The Doctor pulled himself up and into the room above, but the trapdoor slipped and trapped his legs and he yelped out in pain. The Doctor heard a sound of scraping and looked towards the noise. A wooden frame slowly moved towards him, dragged by a green unnatural hand. Sharp black talons scratched the wooden floor as it clawed its way towards the Doctor.

'You must be Mother,' the Doctor gasped as he tried to lever the trapdoor up enough to escape, but with little success.

The painting grabbed the Doctor by his neck and pulled itself on top of him so the painted eyes could look directly into his.

‘You will be mine, heathen,’ the creature hissed. ‘I will possess your soul.’

Bill felt the cold water as it seemed to slam into her side. Her arms and legs were bound together and she found herself unable to move. Her lungs burned as she struggled to keep herself from breathing in, and a black shadow moved over her vision. Hands grabbed her and pulled her out of the river, and she had hoped to see the Doctor standing triumphantly, but it was Tom Matton and some of his bailiffs. Bill was forced to crouch in front of Crompton again.

‘Are you a witch?’ demanded Crompton, but this time Bill couldn’t find enough breath to reply.

‘Test her again!’ shouted people in the crowd.

Bill’s vision was blurred, but she could see Mary Samson in the crowd, and she was shouting too, and not in support of her. That thing in the painting had managed to possess even Mary’s mind and it was escalating the hysteria in the crowd.

Bill felt the bailiffs closing in ready to hoist her up into the air again so she braced herself for when she would hit the water again.

‘Stop!’ shouted a voice from close by. Josiah Crompton turned his gaze towards the voice, almost in unison with the gathered crowd. ‘I have found your witch.’

Bill was curled on the floor, breathless and exhausted, cold and wet. She squinted towards a figure standing high up on a nearby mound. The sun was starting to set behind him, but she could make out his curling grey hair and the flapping coat tail billowing in the wind. He was holding up the painting of Josiah’s Mother in one hand, and his sonic in the other.

‘Look at her face!’ the Doctor shouted as he walked down the hill.

The Doctor moved the sonic behind the painting and activated it. The image of Mother shimmered and contorted as if in pain, her face taking on

its monstrous true appearance. ‘Tell him to tell them, Mother,’ the Doctor warned.

Josiah cried as he saw his Mother trapped by this stranger. He could feel her presence in his head, frustrated and angry, but at the mercy of the stranger.

‘What is happening, Josiah?’ Tom Matton asked.

‘That is Mother,’ Josiah muttered.

‘And she is alive?’

‘She never left me,’ Josiah answered as if talking about the most mundane fact in all the world, ‘even when she died.’

Matton motioned for the bailiffs to arrest Crompton and to escort him to the town gaol. Crompton’s gaze didn’t change as he was shackled and led back towards the town. He just kept looking at Mother.

Bill stood up and waited as the rope that bounds her hands and legs were removed by Mary Samson.

‘That witch was inside my mind, making me hate you.’

‘It’s OK,’ said Bill as she swept back her hair.

‘Did she get inside your mind?’

‘No,’ replied Bill, concern and uncertainty in her voice. ‘No, I’m sure she didn’t.’

The Doctor turned the portrait to face him.

‘I think we are well overdue for a

cup of tea. Tell you what, I'll be Mother…'

'Curse you!' Mother spat.

'Shut up!' The Doctor used his sonic screwdriver on the painting again, and this time Mother froze, still wearing her skeletal gaze. 'That's the last we'll see of her. I don't think I'll be taking this to the National Gallery.'

Bill joined the Doctor and looked over his shoulder towards the painting. The Doctor was no longer smiling, just staring at the painting.

'What did you do?'

'I locked the molecules in the painting permanently. Mother was an alien morphoform – a being of pure consciousness that must inhabit physical matter – any physical matter – a bit like a hermit crab lives in another creature's shell. She is still inhabiting that painting, but she can't move the molecules around anymore – she's trapped forever.'

'Are there more like her?'

'Undoubtedly,' the Doctor said. 'But not here. All that remains here is the story of the witch that lived in the painting, and a few decades from now and no-one will even believe it.'

'We thought he would cure the town of our witch problem, but he brought the Devil into our midst. We should burn that painting,' Matton said.

The Doctor and Matton were standing in Mary's house, discussing the events of the last day. The sun had almost set and the townsfolk were retiring back to their homes. Matton had promised the Doctor and Bill that he would take special care of Mary and Sarah Samson. He would make up for the torment they had been put through.

'You never had a witch problem, Matton,' the Doctor said. 'You just had a group of people, frightened for their futures, worried about harvests and illness, and worried about the war. Suspicious thoughts became fears of the supernatural. When Josiah Crompton came, he fed on those fears – and your people provided him with everything he needed, even innocent girls.'

Matton hung his head in shame, shocked by the Doctor's unforgiving tone.

'Just look after them,' the Doctor said to Matton. 'Don't lose them to ignorant superstition or the bloodthirst of opportunists.'

The Doctor picked up the painting and started to walk out the door.

Bill glanced over to see that the Doctor was leaving, and she turned back towards Mary.

'I have to go,' she smiled. 'He isn't one for goodbyes.'

Mary held Bill's hands. 'Thanks for saving my life.'

'No problem,' Bill said. 'I'm really glad I met you, I'll remember you Mary Samson.'

'Visit me next time you come to Little Winterton,' Mary said.

'I will,' promised Bill.

A red car zoomed past the iron fence that separated the road from the TARDIS. Bill and the Doctor stood outside the time machine and looked at a stone a few feet in front of them. Bill held some flowers in her hand.

'You can barely read her name,' Bill said.

The Doctor stared at the gravestone.

'History forgets about all the people who lived ordinary lives, don't they. But she was a person, just like me. Just as important as me.'

'We aren't bound by history,' the Doctor replied.

'No,' Bill smiled. 'And despite being almost drowned and almost killed by

by an evil painting, I loved going back and standing amongst them, meeting them. I'll miss Mary. I wonder what happened to her. Did she get married? Have children?'

Bill laid the flowers down at the base of the gravestone before going back into the TARDIS and within a few moments the impossible blue box had faded away.

ANSWERS

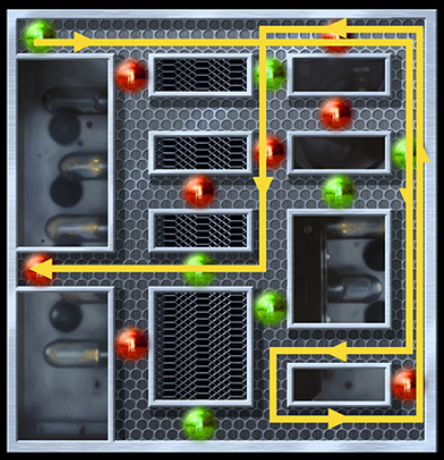
VIDEO NASTIES

A. Warrior's Gate B. The Church on Ruby Road C. The Lie of the Land
D. The Chase E. Spearhead from Space F. The TV Movie
G. The God Complex H. The Lazarus Experiment

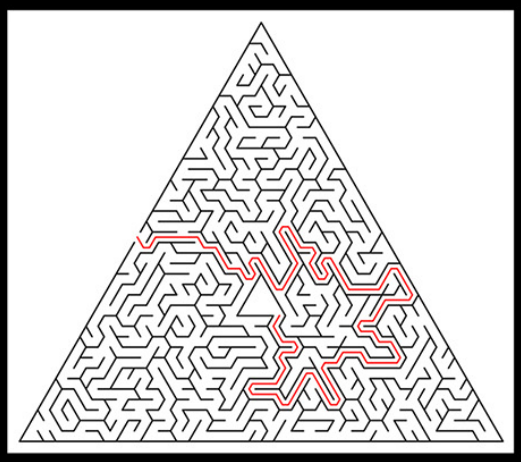
THE ETERNAL QUESTION

'It will soon be over.'

CYBER SHOCK!



PYRAMID POWER



COLLAPSE

Prague

'Creepy, isn't it?' Marie Devereaux commented as she examined the Angel statue. 'Why do you keep it here?'

'I've had it a long time,' Professor Swartz noted as he tapped the stone surface of the statue. I found it one day, just standing there in the woods at the bottom of my garden. I got a nasty shock when I first saw it, but yet I found myself drawn to it. It's a strange curiosity.'

'It's almost like it's alive – it's eyes follow you around the room.'

'In a strange way, I feel like it gives me some company when I'm working here after hours, like there's someone else in the room.'

'I wonder if maybe I should get you a dog instead, Jeremy,' Marie laughed. Better company than a rotten old statue.'

'Hey!' the man shouted. 'You can't park that thing there.'

The Doctor spun around to see a parking attendant pointing towards the TARDIS. He pointed to the man's ears. 'I wondered where the steam was coming from.'

'This area is designed for VIPs only.'

'Oh, well, in that case I'm definitely parked in the right place. I really am very important.' The Doctor held up his psychic paper. 'See?'

'What is that thing anyway? I will need to serve you with the correct penalty notice. Now, tell me, what it is.'

'It's obvious,' the Doctor replied. 'Isn't it?'

'What?'

'Well, it's a police box. Look.' The Doctor pointed to the sign box above the TARDIS doors. 'Police. So you can't give me a ticket.'

'You don't look like a policeman!'

'Plain clothes,' the Doctor smiled as he walked off. 'Hoodie division.'

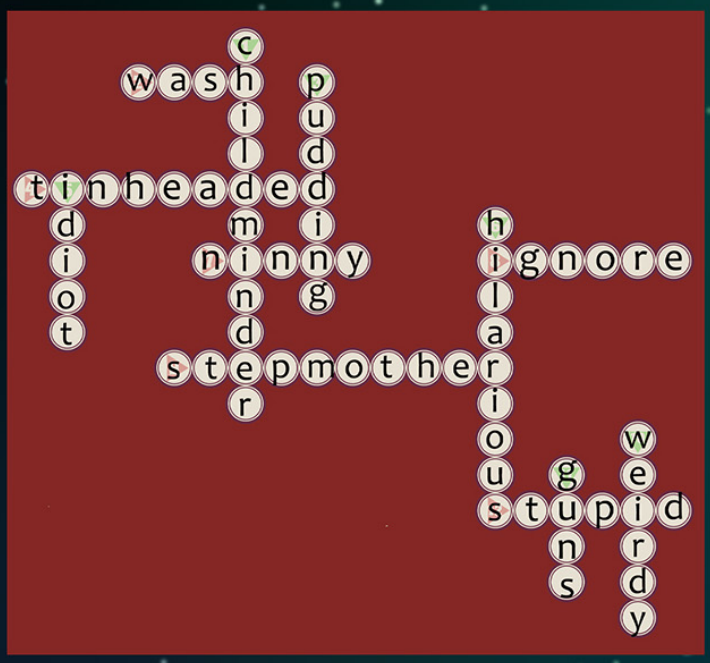
'Collapse' is a unique story in that all of the words that make up the second part, in the TARDIS, are taken from the first section, in Prague, in exactly the same order, but punctuated differently. Much of the time, dialogue changes characters. In the story, the section set in the TARDIS was a collapsing multiverse, so it made sense that the words would be a similar collapse of the first part. It meant that the different parts had to be written simultaneously.

'Creepy, isn't it?' Professor Swartz noted as he tapped the stone surface of the statue. 'It's like its eyes follow you around the room. I wonder what it is?'
'It's obvious,' the Doctor replied. 'Isn't it?'
'What?'

'Pyramid at the End of World' Maze from www.mazegenerator.net

Cyber Shock! puzzle from
https://gpuzzles.com/brain-questions/logic-puzzles-and-riddles/compilation-of/4

TWELFTH DOCTOR INSULTS - ANSWERS



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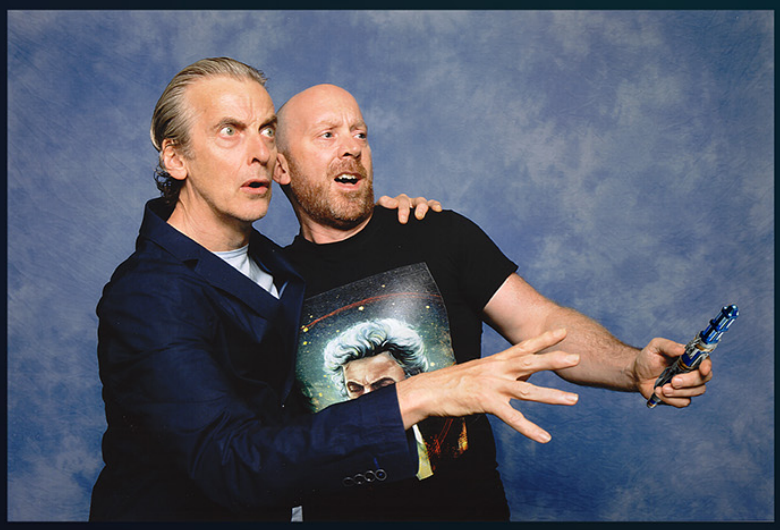
Tardis Tales - adventures in Time and Space

tardis_tales_74



Dalek on inside cover drawn by Peter Capaldi
'Once and Future Doctor' by Alistair Blyth
Thanks to BBC Website, Tragical History Tour, Kissthemgoodbye and PCJ's Whoniverse Gallery
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TARDIS TALES